THE

Ambitious Statesman,

OR THE

Loyal Favourite.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. CROWNE.

Frances LONDON, St. John

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TO HER

GRACE,

THE

Dutcheſs of Albemarle.

POETRY *ſeem's on Earth, Madam, in the condition of the Philoſopher's Muſick in the Heavens, placed in a vaſt, Solitude where there is nothing to hear it but ſome few* Angels *that move thoſe Heavens.*

The Earth wants no Inhabitants; but whilſt thoſe Inhabitants want ſence 'tis as ſolitary as the Heavens; and a Poet ſings like a Bird in the Deſert. Yet there are ſome Angels and Excellent Spirits below, and in the firſt Rank of 'em is your Grace.

What Angels are, we know not; but when we wou'd make 'em viſible to our thoughts, we dreſs e'm up in ſuch Qualities as Nature and Fortune have beſtowed on your Grace; *excellent* Wiſdom, *great* Power, *boundleſs* Generoſity, *and profound* Humility; *and they, to requite our good thought's of 'em, when they make themſelves viſible to our*

Eyes,

Eyes aſſume ſuch Beauty *as yours. Then ſince we beſtow on them all the Excellencies of your* Mind, *and they borrow all the* Beauties *of your* Body, *we may very well lend your* Grace *their* Name.

And in this, Madam, *I do not flatter you, but my ſelf; I do not advance you above what you are, but I raiſe my ſelf among thoſe who were honoured to be the* Entertainers of Angels, *but with this difference: They knew not their* Gueſts, *and ſo were to be pardoned their* Unleavened Bread, *and their* fatted Calves; *elſe a* fooliſh Beaſt *had been an* abſurd Treat *for a* Creature, *who was all* Mind, *and that* Mind *all* Wiſdom.

But all the World knows your Graces delicate Spirit, *and therefore my* Hoſpitality *becomes my* Crime. *I ſet before your* Grace *unpleaſant* Fruit, *that* bloſſom'd *in a* Stormy *time, and ſo had much ado to* grow, *and never cou'd be* Ripe.

The Sun *ſeldom* ſhines *on a* Poet's Orchard; *We talk much of* Shades, *and we always live in 'em. If we* ſoar, *'tis but to ſing like* Larks; *and though our* Notes *are heard, our* ſelves *are inviſible, and our* Neſts *are always on the Ground. Our* Wit, *like the* Pine Tree, *affects* deſolate Places, barren Rocks, *and* ſteep Mountains, *and to* ſhoot high *in the* Air, *and meet thoſe* Winds *which ſhake its* Fruit *to the* Earth, *where* Toads *creep over it, and* Beaſts *devour it. That a* Poet *at no time, but eſpecially at this miſerable time, is fit to* Entertain *any but himſelf.*

We cannot think our ſoft Songs *ſhou'd be* heard, *when* Church-

Church-Musick grumbles with loud and unpleasant Discords, and the whole State seems out of Tune.

But, Madam, I have for my Excuse, I design not so much an Entertainment, as a Sacrifice. And I am very safe, since I agree with the whole Kingdom in Faith and Worship. I think there are no Dissenters that will not fully joyn with me in paying all manner of Honours to the Dutchess of Albemarle; A Princess whose Excellencies of Mind are as great and eminent as her Quality.

Many Tests are made to try Men's Faith; I think the Honour Men have for your Grace is the best Test to prove their Understandings. This is an ill time to erect Images for Worship, and the Porch of a trifling Play an ill place for so glorious a Thing as the Image of your Grace.

'Tis true, I have very often seen Great Persons lye in such Porches, begging the Charity of well disposed Passengers, to give their Names a poor Subsistence. 'Tis a sad sight to see Persons of Honour in so wretched a condition, that they have no dwelling for their Names, but are forced to lodge 'em in the Hovels of Miserable Scriblers, and on the Straw of a little Flattery. I shall not presume to place the worst Statue of your Grace among such poor Company. I only beg leave to be my own Porter, and stand at the Gate of my Work in your Grace's Livery, that if any enter, they may not dare to sully the Apartments that belong to your Grace, and where you may sometimes be pleased to walk.

And

And that your Grace *may be encouraged sometimes to* walk *in 'em, they are adorn'd with an* Image *of a* Vertue, *to which your* Grace *is nearly allyed both by* Blood *and* Marriage.

Loyalty, *a* Vertue *of which the* Duke *of* New-Castle, *your* Grandfather, *and the* Duke *of* Albemarle, *the* Father *of your* Illustrious Lord, *were the most* Glorious Examples *that ever were, or ever shall be in the World. They were the* Two Hercules Pillars *of* Honour *and* Loyalty, *beyond which none can travel.* Beyond *them, all is* Sky, Air, *and* Sea; *bright* Notion, *empty* Imagination, *and* fluctuating Fancy.

The Duke *of* Newcastle *was a* Pillar *like that of* Seth, *erected before the great* Flood *of* Rebellion, *withstood all the Fury of it, and when it cou'd no longer support the* Throne, *it supported it* self, *and lifted up its* Head *above the* Waves, *when the* Waves *cover'd the highest* Mountains, *and our* Palaces *far under* Water *were become the* Habitations *of* Monsters. *This* Pillar *out-lasted the* Flood, *and on it were engraven all that cou'd be done by* Armes, *and all that cou'd be written by* Wit. *And to that* Eternal Monument *of* Wit, Valour *and* Loyalty, *the* Muses *and the* Heroes *of all Ages shall repair, to pay their* grateful Devotions, *to read their* Instructions, *and consecrate their* Wreaths.

The Duke of Albemarle *was a Pillar, which Nature and Fortune erected by wonderful Art under the* Waters, *when there seemed not the least* Foundation *for such a* Work, *and the* Work impossible. *Few saw it, till it*

was

was finished; then it appeared to all, and the Throne *was established upon it. Then did the Waters sink to their proper places, the infernal* Lakes *and* Springs *whence they came: Then Men began to* plant Vineyards, *and to* rejoyce *in the* Increase *of the* Earth, *and the* Fruit *of their* Labours.

On these two Columns, *shining with Gold, but more excellent in the* glorious Works *engraven on 'em, stood the* Palace *of the* British Sun.

And now, Madam, *it cannot be displeasing to your* Grace, *to look sometimes on the* Image *of that* Vertue *to which you are so* nearly allied, *and from which you* derive *such a* vast Inheritance of Glory. *And truly at this time both* Image *and* Substance *seem to need* Protection, *when some are endeavouring to reduce again the* Substance *to an* Image.

But that is too sad a Note *to dwell upon, I shall leave it, and humbly beg, that* Poetry, *though here* poorly *clad, may have leave to lye at your* Gates, *because 'tis of the same* Nation *and* Kindred *with that* Fair Quality *which the* Duke *of* Newcastle *took into his* Bosom, *and* Crown'd.

Then, when the World shall see how your Grace *delights to* Honour *it, that* Destruction *shall never reach it, now and always intended it, by the mighty* Empire *of* Fools.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Then shall my Muse, *though often* sleeping, *as often* stumbling, *and always in the* dark, *be* secure *under the* Roof *of your* Grace's Favour, *and walk boldly and pleasantly with such a* Light *shining round it, as the* Title *I beg, of*

Madam,

Your *Graces* most
obedient, humble
Servant,
JOHN CROWNE.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THIS Play, which I think the most Vigorous, of all my foolish Labours, was born in a time so unhealthy to Poetry, that I dare not venture it abroad without as many Cloaths as I can give it to keep it warm. Let this excuse then serve to cover some of the nakednesses and deformities of it, that they are not so much mine as the Faults of the troublesome times. I alwayes expected to be assaulted by Enemies, but I did not expect they should drop out of the Clouds. I had heaped together all the Fancy I had to place my self out of the reach of my Enemies; but as I was building my *Babel*, those things which disordered greater matters than these, confounded my Language, and made me give over my work, that in the end of the Play, you will find me descended into the Plains, and layn down weary and fainting. But where I shew least wit, I shew most

most wisdom, for there I take my ease, and elsewhere I take pains to none, or very little purpose. To please Friends is hard, to please my Self more difficult, but to please my Enemies impossible. How foolish then is my toyl? Few Friends are made by *Poetry*, but many Enemies, and amongst 'em a most powerful one, *Fortune*.

Fools damn good Playes, and *Fortune* good Poets. He may not be the best, but I am sure he is the wisest Poet who writes so that he can scarce be discovered to be a Poet; then *Fortune* will be afraid to shoot at him, left she wound one of her own party, the Fools. Much is lost by Poetry; Time, Pains, and often Friends: Nothing is gotten but a little Reputation, and that some envious Enemies of ours will rather fling to the Doggs than let us have it, witness the silly malice of some Adversaries of mine, who because my *Epilogue* had great success, wou'd let any thing rather than me be the Author; though I had succeeded aswel in the same kind in my *Epilogues* to both my *Jerusalems*, since my Enemies are such little creeping Creatures, as not to dare to look in the Face of a good Play, but to bite at the Tayl, 'tis a shame to oppose 'em.

To those who perhaps thinking themselves wiser than others, will not accept of my excuse of Laziness and Discouragement; for the inequalities of the

Play,

Play, but aſcribe 'em to my want of Judgement; I ſhall only ſay, ſuppoſing their Charge were true, I know no Poet, that like a Bird of *Paradiſe*, lives allwayes in the Air and never lights, or if he does, he muſt ſleep there ſometimes. Did a man take Eternity to write in; though there be perfection in Eternity, there is none in Man; and he wou'd be giddy and fall in going that vaſt round, eſpecially if he always look'd upwards.

THE

THE PROLOGUE,

HOW? *A new Play? is this a time for Plays?*
Wit was a wretched thing in it's beſt dayes,
A fair poor Wife, which only had a white
And tempting Skin, which Vermine love to bite.
But now the Nation in a tempeſt rowles,
And Old St. Peters, *juſtles with St.* Pauls,
And whilſt theſe two great Ladys fight and braule,
Pick pocket Conventicle-Whore gets all.
Ungrateful Jade, from Rome *it is moſt clear,*
She had the ſtinking Fiſh ſhe ſels ſo dear,
And in this broyl no ſhelter can be found,
In our poor Play houſe fallen to the ground.
The Times Neglect, and Maladies have thrown
The two great Pillars of our Play-houſe down;
The two tall Cedars of the vocal Grove,
That vented Oracles of Wit and Love.
Where many a Nightingal has ſweetly ſung,
Whoſe Boughs with ſhrieks of Owles too oft has rung:
But ſuch ſtrange Charmes did in their Ecchoes lie;
They gave the very Owles a Harmony.
But in our Shrubs no ſuch ſweet Ecchoes dwell,
Here Wit will find but Rods to ſwitch her well.
What makes her then appear? what makes a kind
Young Wench go meet her Friend in rain and wind,
And rather than the Aſſignation fail,
Daggle at once her Honour and her Tayl?

Na-

The PROLOGUE.

Nature who did dispose her to the Trade,
So soon, that she was scarcely born a Maid.
Perhaps she'l blame her Stars, but she wou'd fall,
To sinning, if there were no Stars at all.
Nature to writing such delight has joyn'd
To propogate man's Wit as well as Kind.
This Poet draws his Lust to write from thence.
Did Malice blast him like a Pestilence,
Like the blind Piper he'd the Plague out-brave,
And tune his Pipe though carryed to the Grave.

Actors

Actors Names.

Charles, King of *France*.
The *Dauphin*.
The *Conſtable* of France.
The Duke of *Vendoſme* his Son, Favourite of the King.
Count Briſac, the *Dauphin's* Favourite.
Count La Force, a great Commander, a Male-content.
La Marre, a fooliſh villainous Courtier.

The Women.

Madamoiſelle de Guiſe, a Beautiful young Lady, beloved by the *Duke* of *Vendoſme*; and Contracted to him, and by the ill Arts of the *Conſtable* wrought to be ſecretly Married to the *Dauphin*.
La Guard, her Woman and Confident, but falſe to her, and is the *Conſtables* Inſtrument.

Conſpirators, Courtiers, Officers.

The SCENE, *PARIS.*

THE Ambitious Stateſman; OR THE Loyal Favourite.

ACTUS PRIMUS

Enter Great Conſtable *alone.*

SCENE, *His Apartment in the* Louvre.

Conſtable.

YEſterday charged to come no more to Council!
Laſt Night depriv'd of all my great Employments!
A ſoft diſmiſſion, ſtuft with downy words
Sent me to ſleep upon! and ſleep I may,
My Doors are quiet, and my Rooms are empty;
No Courtiers ruffle in my Anti-Chamber,
Waiting my Riſing; no Petitioners
Attending in the Hall my coming down:
All full of melancholy death-like Silence.
Have I rul'd *France* ten flouriſhing years and more,

Under, or rather far above the King,
And ſhall I now be ruin'd by the Dauphin,
A proud raſh Boy? Let the young *Polypheme*,
Devour the Calves of Court, I will outdo
Ulyſſes, I will kindle ſuch a Fire,
Shall burn the Gyant, and his Den together.
Ho! There.

Enter Secretary.

Secret. My Lord!
Conſt. Are the Diſpatches gone,
To *Gaſcoin*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitain*?
Secre. They went above an hour ago.
Conſt. That's well:
Thoſe Provinces are ready for Rebellion. [*Aſide.*
And I have ſpurr'd 'em on; there ſhall be ſhortly
Such a ſtrange thing, as Liberty in *France*.
I hope ere it be long, to hear in *France*
The *Engliſh* Drums, beat *Freedom*, *Freedom*.
I've ſent a ſecret Invitation
To their brave fiery young King, *Henry* the 5*th*.
And I've enrag'd the Duke of *Burgundy*,
That he is enter'd into League with him.
And I'me preparing a Rebellion;
A noble Fire to warm him at his Landing,
From the cold moiſt Sea-Air.
Secre. He's ſtrangely troubled. [*Aſide.*
Conſt. No Meſſenger this Morning from my Son?
Secre. Not any yet, my Lord.
Conſt. Where's the Gentleman,
Who came laſt Night?
Secre. I do not know, my Lord.
Conſt. What did he ſay? When will my Son be here?
Secre. He ſaid (my Lord) his Excellence, was reſolv'd
To be at Court this Afternoon at fartheſt.

Conſt.

Conſt. His Excellence! his Excellence is an Aſs: [*Aſide.*
A Fellow full of Honeſty, Morality,
Of Loyalty, Philoſophy, and Foolery:
But I have laid a Bait to try his Morals.
Ha! Knocking.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Count *La Force*, my Lord, deſires
Admiſſion to your Lordſhip.
Conſt. Bring him in.

Enter La Force.

Conſt. Friend, you aſtoniſh me! how dare you approach
The unhealthy ſhade of an old blaſted Tree?
None come to me, but he who wants a Gibbet:
And fain would hang himſelf the decent'ſt way.
La For. I was your Friend, my Lord, when you were honeſt,
No ſordid Flatterer of Tyranny:
Before you climb'd the Mountains of Advancement,
To feed on Winds, as *Spaniſh* Horſes do.
Conſt. My Lord, you love thoſe Winds as much as I do;
And hate the Fogs, that haunt the dirty Vales.
La For. That Dirt is bred by Tempeſts from above,
From Clouds of Tyranny, where you have liv'd,
And torn the Kingdom by the thundring power
Of *Conſtable* of *France*.
Conſt. You wou'd ha' mounted
To the ſame Clouds, and made a Marſhal's Staff,
A Witches Staff, to carry you aloft,
Cou'd you ha' got one: but you were deni'd it.
The King might cheaper have burnt all his Foreſts,
Than ſav'd that Staff: for you, and your good Friends.
Set in revenge the Kingdom in a Flame.
La For. I made that Fire to melt down all our Chains,

I hate to ſee my Countrymen abuſ'd.

Conſt. Hence with diſſembling, we know one another.
You and I wou'd not care our Countrymen
Were all to Horſes turn'd, ſo we might ride 'em.

La For. I do deny 't; I hate to ride my Country.

Conſt. But I hate more my Country ſhould be ridden
By Cowards in the Army, Fools in Council.
Who can endure to ſee the honeſt Induſtries
Of many ſcores of men plunder'd by Law,
To feed a Fool, who is not half a Man?

La For. Well, is *Briſac* the *Dauphin's* Favourite,
To have your Offices?

Conſt. So 'tis deſign'd.

La For. Cannot your Son, the King's great Favourite,
Whom he created lately Duke of *Vendoſme*,
Aſſiſt you?

Conſt. He! — A ſtudious, moral Fool,
A Moth, who has ſo long been fed on Books,
His Skin is Paper, and his Blood is Ink.
Inſenſible of all delights of Man.

La For. Of all!

Conſt. Almoſt of all.

La For. What does he love?

Conſt. Only his Book, his Friend, his Honeſty.
And when the King, and Kingdom have occaſion,
He love's his Sword; elſe it might ruſt for ever:
He would not draw it to procure himſelf
The Empire of the World; he ſays, He needs it not.
And he call's him a miſerable Wretch,
Who needs the Univerſe to make him happy.

La For. His temper differs much from yours.

Conſt. From mine!
He walks directly backwards from my Steps.
I wonder in what poſture I begot him:
Or in what humour: Surely I was thinking
Of ſomething elſe; and if I was, I cannot

Imagin

Imagin how he ſhould creep through my Loins,
Like *Alpheus* through the Sea, and never ſeaſon
Himſelf with any reliſh of my Nature.

La For. Sure he ruſh'd from you in a mighty Torrent.

Conſt. Rather I threw him from me with abhorrence.

La For. Then you can hope for little aid from him.

Conſt. Oh! Yes, I have obſerv'd in my Philoſophy,
Nature, an Enemy to Tyranny,
Doe's alwaies leave ſome tender place unguarded
About unmatchable vaſt harneſt Animals,
Where Death may give the World revenge and freedom.
So this proud Fellow's Spirit, more invincible
Than Whales, than Crocodiles, or Elephants,
Ha's a ſoft place, his Heart, which has been wounded
By the ſmall Needles of a Woman's Eye.

La For. Then doe's he love?

Conſt. He does.

La For. Whom, for Heaven's ſake?

Conſt. She whom all love, that wonder of the World
Madamoiſelle de Guiſe.

La For. that beautious Creature?
And what ſucceſs ha's he?

Conſt. They are contracted.

La For. And no one hear of it?

Conſt. He keep's it ſecret,
I know not why, but ſuch ha's been his humour.

La For. And what of this?

Conſt. The *Dauphin* is his Rival.

La For. Ha! Then is ſhe the talk't of hidden Beauty,
The *Dauphin* make's ſecret addreſſes to?

Conſt. The ſame.

La For. Good Heaven! What doe's the *Dauphin* mean,
Is not the match with *Burgundy* concluded?

Conſt. It is, and therefore is this kept ſo ſecret
By the King's ſtrict Commands; who ſtrove to break it,
But cou'd not.

La For.

La For. How came you to find it out?

Conſt. A Servant of my own happen'd to love *Madamoiſelle*'s chief Woman, and ſole Confident; Whom I perceiving always vext and thoughtful With a Face full of Guilt, ſtrictly examin'd, And got it out of him; and how his Miſtriſs And he deſign'd to ruin my Son's Intereſt, And raiſe their Fortunes by this greater Marriage.

La For. Here was a Mine cut to your Hand already.

Conſt. It was: I pardon'd him, bid him proceed, Becauſe he ſerv'd in it his Prince the *Dauphin*, And I woul'd join with 'em. Whilſt I was plotting; Fortune which always take's into her Favour A hundred Villains for one honeſt Man, Gave my Deſign a noble riſe: brought news To Court, that whilſt my Son quartered at *Metz*, He and the fair young Princeſs of *Lorrain*, Had charm'd each other.

La For. This inconſtancy, Wou'd enrage *Madamoiſelle de Guiſe* to madneſs, For ſhe is the haughtieſt young Woman living.

Conſt. Yes, had you ſeen her Letters you wou'd ſay ſo. My Inſtrument, her Woman, always brought 'em to me, I'de ſee if they were fit to go; at opening 'em I thought I had untied a Witch's knot, And let a Tempeſt out.

La For. And you I warrant Anſwer'd theſe Letters, in your Son's hand counterfeited.

Conſt. Exactly gueſſ'd: I ſtop't the good Fool's Letters, Wherein the Wretch prov'd himſelf very innocent; And in their room, I ſent my forged ones to her; Wherein I made my Son own the inconſtancy; Deſire a mutual releaſe of Vows. He wou'd give her the Glories of the *Dauphin*, If ſhe'd give him the beauties of his Princeſs.

La For. Did ſhe not tear the Letters, and her Hair?

Conſt.

Conſt. Yes, and her Fleſh, and to compleat her madneſs,
I brib'd ſome cowardly Officers, my Son
Had thrown out of his Army, to atteſt
All my falſe Letters ſaid; and more, how he
Spoke of her openly with much contempt.
La For. Was ever a deſign manag'd like this?
The *Dauphin* after this, ſure had ſmall difficulty
To preſs her to accept his Love and Glory.
Conſt. That you may gueſs.
La For. What? are they married then?
Conſt. They were the other night, in ſuch great Privacy,
The King ſcarce know's it yet.
La Force. But can the *Dauphin*'s
Amour be wholly hidden from your Son?
Conſt. No, but he nere diſtruſts his Miſtriſs's falſhood;
He only think's her jealous; and ſent Meſſengers
T' appeaſe her anger, whom ſhe won'd not ſee.
La For. Moſt excellent!
Conſt. Now when my Son returns,
I will charge all my tricks upon the *Dauphin*;
Nay more, perhaps I'le ſay, he whore's the Lady.
And then the *Dauphin* envie's him, and hate's him,
For ſawcily outſhining him in Arms.
Fortune ha's had ſo very little manners
To ſlight the *Dauphin*, and attend my Son.
La. For. Here are moſt gallant hopes of a Rebellion.
Conſt. Brave hopes!
For I have ſpread ſuch lies againſt the Government,
Have frighted all the people from their Wits,
I doubt not but in little time to beg
The Kingdom for a Fool, and be its Guardian.
La For. I have a mind to be a doing again,
Though I've eſtate enough.
Conſt. Oh! damn Eſtate!
'Tis uſeleſs without power to a great Mind.
What? I may keep a Table, and be popular;

That

That is, feed Fools and Knaves, and have no thanks.
If I cou'd cram an Ox in a Rogue's Jaws,
It would not gag him from detracting from me.
But I may compass Women; what o' that?
If they be newly shell'd from hanging Sleeves,
They are so tender that they have no taste:
So ignorant, they know not what to do with you.
If ripe, they know too well then what to do with you.
In short, Power is my pleasure.
Five hundred thousand Livers yearly flow
Into my Coffers; I have Palaces
Exceed the King's; yet now thrown out of Power,
I think my self a miserable Wretch.
Come, bear me Company an hour or two,
And see how I will flounder in my shallows,
Like a great Whale, I'le make 'em glad to give me
Sea-room enough, or I'le oreset the Kingdom.
I'le seem religious to be damndly wicked,
I'le act all villany by holy shews,
And that for piety on fools impose,
Set up all Faiths, that so there may be none,
And make Religion throw Religion down.
I will seem Loyal, the more Rogue to be,
And ruine the King by his own authority:
Pretending men from Tyranny to save,
I will the foolish credulous World enslave. *Exit.*

Enter the Dauphin *and* Louize.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Dau. What is the reason of this great unkindness?
Louiz. Unkindness!
Dau. Yes, you are unkind to me,
You forc'd your self last Night out o' my Arms,
And when I thought it was to sleep; you sigh'd,

Nay

Nay more, you wept, wept bitterly? I heard you,
Though I pretended sleeping; but the Dawn'd
As soon might slumber in their pains as I
When we were Arm in Arm lock't [illegible]
Cou'd any sorrow ere have got between us,
Had not your hollow Bosom let it in?
Out of what corner of the Heaven's blew
The Wind that did compose so many sighs,
And made such stormy weather in my Bed?

Lou. I will not tell you. I'll in nothing gratifie
Him who can think so very meanly of me,
To doubt my kindness to a Prince I've married.

Daup. I do not only doubt, but am assur'd
You love some secret miserable wretch;
For I will make him so, and in your sufferings,
If him I cannot find.

Lou. Oh! in what Chains—— [*Aside*
Have I my self in my distraction bound,
For *Vendosm*'s falshood has destroyd my Wits,
The fall of Heaven could not have broke me more.
Vendosm, and Falshood! I thought Heaven and Hell
Wou'd sooner have been joyn'd than those two words.

Daup. Ha! are you weeping? Lest my fury find
Your hidden Lover out! I'le find him out.
This morn you early rose, and from your Cabinet
You fetch'd his Picture out.

Lou. Oh! Im'e discover'd! —— [*Aside*

Dauph. Then to the Window went and gaz'd upon it.
Debauch'd the Morning in its Infancy,
To light you whilst your eyes enjoyd the Picture;
They mingled wantonly with every line in't,
They shot themselves quite through and through the shadow.
The modest morning was asham'd to open
Her blushing eye-lids to behold your wantonness.
Whilst you, contented not alone with looks,
Did scorch the Picture with your burning Kisses,

As if you [illegible]
I lay expecting [illegible]
Would [illegible]
Lew. Oh! [illegible]
Of your great Wisdom, Manners, Generosity.
Daup. I think, I shew'd my self generous enough,
I did not rise and tear th' adulterer's Picture,
Your Body, Soul and Reputation,
Into a thousand Pieces.
Lew. Would you had;
Then Death had freed me from your Tyranny.
Daup. Then you love Death it seems better than me.
You ward well my Highness for your Love,
The Sister of the Duke of *Burgundy!*
And by that scorn, [illegible] on my head
The wrath of *Burgundy*, a War from *England*,
The Curses of all *France*, and of my Father.
Lew. Did you not draw all these upon your self?
Threatning destruction to my Family,
And death to me, if I refus'd your Love?
Daup. Oh! You do well to call to my remembrance
Those hateful things; as if you was afraid
Lest I should love you.
Lew. I am weary of this,
I'le hear no more of it, Good morning to you.
Daup. What? Will you leave me then?
Lew. Shou'd I stay here,
To hold my hand up like a Criminal
Before your Jealousie, a base born Passion,
That has not one brave thought of all its race.
I'le leave you till your soul gets better company. *Exit.*

Enter La Marre.

Daup. She makes me mad! Ha! Sirrah: Are you here?
La Mar. Oh! here's the Prince in one of his mad fits,
There's

Ther's no scaping him; What shall I do?

Daup. You are a Rogue.

La Ma. I am, Sir, if you say so.

Daup. Sirrah, you are, whether I say it or no.

La Ma. Yes Sir, I am.

Daup. You are a flattering Rogue.

La Ma. Yes Sir.

Daup. A double tongu'd dissembling Rogue.

La Ma. Yes Sir.

Daup. Who serve your King for your own ends.

La Ma. Most certain Sir.

Daup. And do not care how odious

Your knavery renders him, so you can get by it.

La Ma. Most true Sir, It has been my constant practice.

Daup. And when you have gotten all you can by him,

For new advantages will turn his Enemy.

La Ma. Without any scruple Sir.

Daup. A seditious Rogue,

And think there lye no Obligations on you

Of loyalty, or gratitude, or honesty;

But you will rather side with factious Rogues,

With such a Rogue as the great Constable,

Because he did prefer you to the Court,

Than to the King, who made you what you are.

La Ma. That Sir, I've always done.

Daup. And do you [illegible]

Hanging Sir?

La Ma. Ay Sir, that's not to be question'd.

Daup. Ho! Take this fellow here, and use him severely.

Enter Gentlemen.

La. Ma. With all my Heart, and take it for an honour.

Daup. I'me sick of Choller still, this narrow soul'd——

This shallow slave cannot contain the half——

The Gentlemen thrust out La Marre.

Enter Brisac.

Daup. Oh! my *Brisac*, give me thy speedy counsel
Or else I shall run mad, I've been abus'd——
Bris. By whom Sir?
Daup. By that beautious thing I've married;
I know not what she is, Woman or Devil.
She's both, I think; to me she's a Devil.
When ever I embrace her, from my Arms
She vanishe's in Lightning, and in Thunder;
But there's a Slave, I know not who he is,
A hidden Slave, who find's her Flesh and Blood.
Bris. Oh! say not so Sir.
Dauph. I have proofs of it;
But I'le have more; I'le rifle all her Cabinets,
I'le ask her Servants, nay perhaps rack her;
Why shou'd I not? She has tormented me.
Along with me. *Exit.*
Bris. This Prince, though young and brave,
And Heir of *France*, how wretched is he! hated
By his lov'd Wife, his Nobles, and all *France*,
Our envy never wou'd great Men pursue,
If their great Plagues, and Passions too we knew. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Louize, *and* La Guard.

La Gua. WOu'd I had never medled in this Buſineſs. [*Aſide.*

Lou. Come's he to Court to Day?

La Gua. The Duke of *Vendoſme* —

Lou. You might have anſwer'd me, without impertinently Naming a Name ſo very unpleaſing to me.

La Gua. Ah! that's not true; that Name, if ſhe were dead, Call'd 'ore her Tomb, would raiſe her up to Life — [*Aſide.* Yes Madam, He does come.

Lou. Oh! then will be——— [*Aſide.* The mighty parting pang; does he come married?

Not that I care, I ask for curioſity.

La Gu. Ah! pride; her heart is breaking, tho ſhe hide's it: I know not Madam. [*Aſide.*

Lou. Go, and ask your friend.

La Gu. I was now talking with him.

Lou. Call him hither.

La Guard *brings in the Conſtable's Secretary.*

Well, do you hear yet if the Duke of *Vendoſm* Be married to the Princeſs of *Lorraine*?

Secre. 'Tis thought ſo Madam.

Lou. Did you ever ſee her?

Sec. Oft! I have oft deſcrib'd her to you Madam.

Lou. It may be ſo, I never think of her. What, is ſhe handſom?

Sec.

Sec. Judg'd by all, the greateſt
Beauty in the whole world, next your Highneſs.
Lou. How tall is ſhe?
Sec. She is ——
Lou. Well —— 'tis no matter.
Did you ever ſee the Duke and her together?
Sec. Who rather ever ſaw 'em aſunder, Madam,
Since their acquaintance?
Lou. And did you ever hear him
Make me the Subject of his campe-diſcourſe?
Sec. Only in wondring how he came deceiv'd
Into the opinion that you were fair.
'Tis true, he ſaid the Princeſs of *Lorrain*
Was ſo extravagantly beautiful
After the ſight of her, no other woman
Could be endur'd; his caſhier'd Officers
Can tell you more at large.
Lou. Yes they have told me.
Leave me! here was the excellent Man pretended
Such virtue! How wou'd the Diſſembler talk?
Talk like an Angel.
La Gu. Yes, and look like an Angel.
He is the lovelieſt Man mine eyes er'e ſaw.
Lou. Go burn his Picture— Ha! the *Dauphin* here.

Enter the Dauphin.

Daup. Ha! Have I catch'd you again at your devotion
To your Soul's Idol? quickly give it me.
Lou. Oh! You delight to ſhew the Giant ſtrength
Of your young Conjugal authority,
What will the Monſter do when grown?
Daup. This *Hercules*
Shall ſtrangle biggeſt Serpents in its Cradle.
The Picture, come!
Lou. What Picture wou'd you have?

A Map

A Map of jealous *Italy* or *Spain*?
Look in your bosom, there's a most exact one.
Daup. Give over, its dangerous trifling with me.
Lou. Nay, if you threaten, threaten those that fear,
Your threats are lost on me.
Daup. Then I entreat.
Lou. Then I do grant. There take the Picture, Sir.
La Gu. Oh! she ha's given it him! Now all will out. [*Aside.*
Daup. What's this, The Sister of the Duke of *Burgundy*?
Lou. I hate my self for this deceit, but more [*Aside*
The Man that make's me such an odious creature.
Daup. Was this the cause of all your secret sorrows?
Lou. Death wou'd be easier to me than lying, [*Aside*
If I could bear a mortal wound in honour.
Yes, there's the Princess, Sir, that has your love,
In me you married but your haughty Will,
Which madly drove, because it was oppos'd,
And now the brittle corner of your heart
Which kept some love for me is broke, and all
The Vapour fled, and now you see your errour.
La Gu. Rarely come off! — [*Aside.*
Daup. And have I wrong'd thee so?
I am a Brute, and thou art a bright Angel:
No wonder Heaven has blasted the unnatural
And horrid mixture of a Brute and Angel.
Yet there is manhood in the ruines of me,
I was a Prince, before that dog, my Jealousie
Fastned upon me, and tore me into this shape.
Lou. Oh! you wou'd hide your kindness for that Princess,
Under the Veil of Jealousie.
Daup. I hide
My kindness for her? I'le proclaim my hate to her,
I'le pave the streets of *Paris* with her Pictures
The day I make my happy Nuptials publick:
Nor will I dart the thunder of my Vengeance
On a thin shadow only, and so lose it.

I will

I will make *Burgundy* the ſeat of miſery,
That Malefactors ſhall be baniſh'd thither,
When they deſerve worſe punishment than Death.
Lou. Oh! what a change is here? your Head will grow
Giddy I fear, with turning round ſo faſt,
And you will fall again from this high Love.
Daup. Oh! Never! Never!
Lou. Yes, in little time
I ſhall be call'd the *Helena* of *France*,
Fatal Incendiary, inchanting Miſchief,
That brings your Father's Curſes on your head,
The Curſes of all *France*.
Daup. Thou art all Bleſſing!
And Heaven rain thee down upon my head,
Soft as a flake of ſnow, and full as cold,
But yet thy coldneſs ſets my Blood a burning.
Lou. This is a preſent humour put in motion,
Weak was the Philter from my eyes you drunk,
It only works, when ſome wild paſſion ſhakes you.
Daup. No more, I love! and bow my knee for pardon.
Lou. Riſe Sir, and be aſſur'd, I will not, cannot
Make my ſelf more unworthy of your Love,
Than by a Subjects birth I am already.
Daup. Excellent Creature! thou were never born,
But cam'ſt immediately from Heaven's hands.
Perfection cannot come from Imperfection.
Lo. Wretch that I am! to hate a Prince who loves me, [*Aſide.*
And love a baſe falſe Subject who contemns me. *Exit.*

Enter the King, *attended.*

A Gent. The King Sir.
King. In poſture of devotion
To your fair Miſtreſs?
Daup. Sir, I love her well.
K. Yes, I believe you do; you love her better

Than

Than your obedience to your King and Father,
Or than the peace and welfare of your Country.
Dauph. My Country's welfare! why shou'd Princes marry
To make their Country happy? give themselves
Most cursed Nights, that Slaves may have good days?
Will any Subject marry a damn'd Wife
Only for Wealth, and give his King the Portion?
That match with *Burgundy*, was the advice
Of some old cowardly covetous Counsellors:
Who fear the Souldier, in few Months shou'd spend,
What they have all their Lives been cozoning for:
Or that their paltry issue shou'd be kill'd,
And n'ere enjoy their Father's Knavery.
For 'tis the constant Creed of most old Fools,
That they enjoy their Wealth when they are dead,
In the damn'd silly Persons of their Sons,
When the young Fools themselves do not enjoy it.
From all these Knaves I will defend your Honour.
K. Win your self honour, you have now occasion;
I know you hear the King of *England*'s landed.
Daup. I am glad of it, 'tis Summer now in *France*.
Fear sinks the blood in your old Counsellors Veins,
As a cold hand does Water in a Weather-glass,
You cannot guess the Weather then by them.
Now frosty Peace is gone, the Weather's hot:
So hot 't shall scorch the *English* Troops, and make 'em
Sweat all their Souls away in bloody Baths.
K. I doubt it, for I know 'em a brave Nation:
If we 'ere get the better it must be,
By fasting longer, and by hiding better
Behind thick Woods, and by broad Lakes and Rivers,
By trusting to our Trees, not to our Men;
To our cold Rivers, not to our hot Blood:
For if they ever come to blows, they beat us.
Daup. These ate your *Vendosm's* cold Imaginations.
K. He ha's a cooler Head, but hotter Heart,

Then thou hast; that brave youth thou envi'st.

Daup. I envy him! I scorn him, he's a Dutch-man;
He ha's no spark of the *French* fire in's nature,
No more true Conduct, than his Father Honesty,
I'le drive 'em both out of the Court and Army.

K. I'le part with thee before the Duke of *Vendosme.*

Daup. Value the the son of a Traytour above me?
I'le humble the proud slave when e're I see him. *Exit.*

K. 'Tis very well: You king it, sir, betimes.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Sir, the Great *Constable* attends without.

K. Let him attend, he has offended me.
Did not his Son's great merits plead for him
I'de ruine him; howe're I'le let him know
I understand his actions, and resent e'm.

Enter the Great Constable;
La Marre, *and other Courtiers,*
Russ by, and look scornfully upon him.

Const. How many Ages will they make me wait?
Ha! Is it so indeed? And am I fallen
Into these wretches scorn? Nay then I know
How the wind blows. You sir, who like a fly [*to La*
Are blind in *Autumn*, when the cold approaches [*Marre.*
And the tall trees begin to shed their leaves.
And is it *Autumn* with me then indeed?
Do you not see me, Sir? Must I for ever
Attend here? ha!

La Ma. My Lord, I cannot mind
All men's affairs and businesses, not I.

Const. All men's affairs, Sir? do you level me
with all men?

La.

La Ma. I muſt wait on the King's buſineſs,
And the Kings buſineſs muſt be done, my Lord.
Conſt. I prethee what's that buſineſs thou attendeſt on?
To carry Charcoale in to air his Shirt?
I know thee, thou wert once my menial Servant,
And I preferr'd thee to the place thou holdeſt.
La Ma. 'Tis true, my Lord, You laid an obligation on me,
But what then: I am now his Majeſties,
And his Majeſties buſineſs muſt be done.
Conſt. His Majeſties buſineſs ——
La M. Nay, my Lord, I fear you not,
I know what the King ſaid of you juſt now,
And what the *Dauphin* ſaid to me this morning.
You'l never come in play again I'me ſure.
And ſo your Lordſhips ſervant. *Exit.*
Conſt. Villaine and Fool!
How ſuch a Slave, like dirt, flies in his teeth
And dirties him who raiſes it from the Earth!

Enter La Force.

La For. My Lord, the King has gotten Information
Of all your Plots; give 'em 'ore, they will ruine you;
Like Vipers they will tear their Mothers bowels
That gave 'em being.
Conſt. Ha! got Information:
Then, like a whoriſh Woman, once diſcovered,
I will grow impudent; Lye in in publick
Of my Deſigns; I'le fling 'em in the World
As careleſly as Nature does all Monſters,
Never appointing certain times of Birth;
My Monſters ſhall be born with Teeth and Fangs too.
La For. You will undo your ſelf; take good advice,
And live at eaſe.
Conſt. I cannot in diſgrace.
La For. You have a vaſt eſtate.

Const. I am a Begger,
When I want all the Wealth I value, Power.
La For. You have great Palaces:
Const. Great Gaoles, great Dungeons,
Dark horrid Dungeons, now the light of all
My honour is gone out.

Enter the King attended.

La For. See! See! the King!
Take good advice before you ruine all.
Const. Ha! he regard's me not: Oh! torment! torment!
Sir, with your pardon; I must speak with you.
Are you resolv'd, Sir, on your own destruction?
For let me tell you, Sir, I am your Eyes;
And you let Traitors tear me from your Head,
And then conduct you blindfold to destruction.
You find it not, but, Sir, I do with Sorrow.
K. Hence with thy Tears, they fall upon the Ground;
And there discover thy dissembling Face.
There is no Hell to thee, like a low Fortune;
And when thou art in Hell thou art a Devil:
Tormenting both thy self and all the World.
Rebellion first did light thee to the Court.
I have permitted so many to light
Themselves to greatness by that filthy *Flambeau*,
That all the *Louvre*'s blackned with the smoke.
And all my Councils strongly smell of Knaves.
But I'le chace them, and that ill practice, from me.
In short, for thy Son's sake, I fully pardon
All thy past Faults, and give thee thy Estate.
Go home, and live in ease and honesty.
Be wise, accept this favour whilest 'tis offer'd.
La For. Do, do, accept it. [*Aside*
Const. Peace, I will be damn'd first.
Sir, can I either live in ease or honesty

When

When by retiring I resign you up
To those who seek your Life?

K. Ha!

Const. Sir; 'Tis true.

K. And who are those?

Const. They are such whose impious hands
The tyes of nature (one wou'd think) shou'd hold
From deeds so horrid!

K. Who dost mean? My Son.

La F. Oh! have a care, retreate;
You'r on a Precipice. [*Aside.*

Const. Let me alone! [*Aside*] We are told by Philosophers
The principles of Death spring from our Natures;
He who intends your Death sprung from your Loynes.

La For. He will undoe himself. —— [*Aside.*

Const. Sir, it is truth;
And his beloved *Brisac*, is his chief Counsellour.

K. Know if each word thou saist, swell not with truth,
The breath of Plagues should be less fatal to thee
Then that that form'd and vented this foul Charge.

Const. So! so; an honest man has great encouragement
To serve his Prince, 'tis well I have a Conscience.

Enter the Dauphin *and* Brisac.

K. Here they are both; come answer for your selves,
The *Constable* accuses both of you
Of blackest Treasons.

Daup. How! accuses me?

Const. Yes, you Sir! Take my Head for speaking Truth,
I'le proudly suffer Martyrdome for Loyalty.
What dost thou charge me with?

Const. With close Designs;
To get *Brisac* my Offices, that he
May assist you to get the King's great Office.

Daup. Oh! Villaine! Villaine!

Const. I can prove it, Sir.
Brif. Oh! Sir, I kneel and call Heaven to my witness.
Const. You may call long enough before he'l come.
Sir, to oppose this impious Design
Was that that made me bear th'uneasy Court
When it was grown such an unpleasant Clime,
I saw not in a year one summers day;
My Enemies were a perpetual storm,
And you permitted 'em to blow upon me:
Yet, for your safety I endur'd it all,
Not for the love of Greatness, Heaven knows.
Daup. No! no! not you.
Const. Sir, I was born with Greatness;
I've Honour's, Titles, Power, here within.
All vain external Greatness I contemn.
Am I the higher for supporting Mountains?
The taller for a Flatterers humble bowing?
Have I more room for being throng'd with followers?
The larger Soul for having all my Thoughts
Fill'd with the Lumber of the Sate Affairs?
Honours and Riches are all splendid Vanities;
They are of chiefest use to Fools and Knaves.
A Fool indeed, has great need of a Title.
It teaches men to call him Count and Duke,
And to forget his proper name of Fool.
Gold is of use to every sort of Knave;
It helps the ambitious Knave to Offices,
Th'unjust contentious Knave to others Right,
The lustful Knave to others Wives and Daughters;
Then strow'd on all the Blots of a mans Life,
It does not only cover 'em, but guild 'em,
But what's all this to a wise innocent Man?
Daup. Ay! such another as your self, good Man.
Brif. Sir, cou'd an Actor make himself a God
By flying o're a Stage on golden Wires,
Then might he make himself an Honest Man

By

By mounting high on rich and golden Words.
But dares he boaſt thus of his Innocence,
Whoſe Treaſons are moſt viſible to all?
Has he not fill'd all *France* with Factions?
Oreſpread the Kingdom, like an *Indian* Tree,
With mighty Foreſts ſprung out of himſelf?!

Conſt. Why ſhoud'd I do this, Sir? I wou'd not break
My ſleep to get your Crown, what ſhou'd I do with't?
Palſies wou'd ſhortly ſhake it from my Head.
Nor wou'd I care to leave it to my Sons:
'Twill be all one to me when I am dead.
If he be Crown'd or Victim'd on my Tomb.
If he be Crown'd, his Glory will not ſhine
Into my Grave and warm my duſt to ſee it.
If he be Victim'd there, I ſhall not feel it.
'Twill be no more to me than if they pluck'd
Some pretty flower that grew out o' my duſt.

Daup. Oh! pretty words! fine phraſes!

K. Well, *Briſac.*
Accuſing him, proves not you innocent,
You firſt ſhall come to trial.

Briſ. Sir, I beg it.

Conſt. Yes; and I beg, Sir, he may be ſecur'd.

Briſ. Load me with Fetters, keep me in a Dungeon.

Conſt. Yes, you ſhall be ſecur'd, whilſt they ſuſpect you
Honeſt, but when you ſhall appear
That uſeful thing, a Knave, Court Witch-craft then
Shall mount you o're all Scaffolds, and all Gibbets,
Out of the reach of Juſtice.

Daup. There's no Trick
So baſe; I will not play in thy opinion.

Briſ. Then to prevent all hopes of my eſcape,
I humbly beg, that I may be his Priſoner.

Daup. His Priſoner?

K. You are too concern'd to ſpeak,
It ſhall be ſo.

Daup.

Daup. Come then, I give him to thee.
But hark! I'le have him weigh'd, and if thou dost
Return him to me lighter by one grain,
Thy flesh shall fifty-fold repay the loss;
If he shall lose one hair, I'le have thy head.
Const. Oh! these are equal doings, but no matter,
I shall return him heavier than I had him,
For I have weighty Witnesses, ——— here's one. —
La For. Who I? — [*Aside.*
Const. You must be one. ——— [*Aside.*
I will draw in
This wary fool. — [*Aside.*
Daup. How! thou a witness, Villain.
La For. Villain! —
Nay then I'le own my self a Witness. [*Aside.*
Yes, I'me a Witness, Sir.
Daup. Oh! lying Slave!
K. Be gone! I'le bear no more outragious carriage.
Daup. I will obey you, Sir, remember *Constable.* *Exit.*
K. Now I'le this minute seize on both your Fortunes,
I'le leave you no materials for bribes. *Exit.*
La For. How's this! —
Const. Am I thus serv'd?
La For. You have engag'd me
In a fine business.
Const. I will make thy Bowels
Sow up this Breach.
Bris. Wilt thou abuse me then?
Const. Away with him.

A Guard carry out Brisac.

I'le make him own all I have charg'd him with,
Or I will let the Sun behold his Entrails.
I scorn their threats; My son return's to day
With a brave Army.

La For. And a Troop of Virtues.
Conſt. I'le thruſt my Principles or dagger in him;
I love my Power and Honour above him;
I got him in one night, I did not get
Honour ſo faſt, I toyl'd for that ſome years.
La For. Hence with your damn'd deſigns, if they ſucceed
You will be call'd a falſe ungrateful Villain,
To ſeek the ruine of that King from whom
You have received ſo many Royal Favours.
Conſt. Old Favours are Old Almanacks, ne'r look't on;
Who minds what Weather 'twas a year ago?
The laſt years Sun ripen's not this year's Fruit.
Nor am I a Falſe Man, in being Wiſe,
For as the Money's falſe that's mixt with Braſs,
So he is a Falſe Man, who is an Aſs. *Exeunt.*

Trumpets *enter at one door, the* King *and* Train,
La Marre *among the* Train:
At the other, the Duke *of* Vendoſme, *followed by* Officers.

K. The Duke of *Vendoſme* come! Welcome my Friend;
More welcome than the Victories thou bringſt.
Duke, You owe 'em to your Cauſe and gallant Army.
K. Thou art to all men Juſt, but to thy ſelf.
Du. I do not love, Sir, like too many Generals,
To ſteal Renown out of the Publick Baggage.
K. In ſtead of that thou giveſt away thy own;
Praiſe is the only thing thou runn'ſt away from.
D. I'me not ambitious much of any Kingdom,
But leaſt of all to have one in the Air;
Where, let a man have ner'e ſuch large Dominion,
A Hurry-cane will be a greater Prince.
The force of that can tear up Trees and Rocks:
But all the ſtormy Praiſe that all the *Heroes*
Can by their bluſtring Swords collect together,

Cannot pull up one Stoick by the roots,
Who ſtands in full defiance of their madneſs.
How fond is it to toyl in the World's Forreſt,
In hewing down Mankind, only to hear
Some hollow hearts eccho our mighty blows?
But 'tis more fooliſh to toyl all one's life
That Fame may toſs our Aſhes when we 're dead.
So we have no repoſe living or dead.
They who are gone to reſt in Marble Beds,
Sleep faſt enough, and need no Wind to rock 'em.

K. I ner'e thought Fame a lawful cauſe of War.

D. Wars are good Phyſick when the World is ſick.
But he who cut's the Throats of Men for Glory,
Is a vain ſavage Fool; he ſtrives to build
Immortal Honours upon man's mortality,
And glory on the ſhame of humane Nature,
To prove himſelf a man by Inhumanity.
He puts whole Kingdoms in a blaze of War,
Only to ſtill mankind into a Vapour;
Empties the World to fill an idle Story.
In ſhort, I know not why he ſhou'd be honour'd,
And they that murder men for money hang'd.

K. Thy Sentiments are great, and worthy of thee.

D. I hate theſe potent Mad-men, who keep all
Man-kind awake, whilſt they by their great deeds
Are drumming hard upon this hollow World,
Only to make a ſound to laſt for Ages.
Yet Flatterers call theſe Mighty mad-men, *Heroes.*

K. Yes, and they honour 'em with publick Triumphs.

D. They ſhame 'em rather; for to me a Triumph
Appears a publick ſacrifice to Inſolence;
Adoring Pride as they did Plagues and Feavers.
If ever I had ſeen a *Roman* Triumph,
I ſhou'd ha' pittied the poor Conquerour,
To ſee the tender man fallen ſo ſick,

By the ill savours of a field of slaughter,
That he came home with his Head bound with Laurel,
Gasping in Chariots for the Peoples breath.
K. For ever cou'd I hear thee thus discourse;
But I have business must divert our talk.
D. Yes Sir, I hear the King of *England*'s landed.
K. He is.
D. He leads a very gallant Nation.
ve tried 'em oft in Battels and in Sieges.
They despise Walls and Trenches, they are so us'd
To cross the Ocean, they laugh at Trenches.
K. My Son despises 'em.
D. He's too brave.
His too hot Martial Fires burn out the Eyes
Of his clear Understanding.
K. His too hot
Amorous Fires have kindled this ill War.
D. Now dare not I enquire into this Story. [*Aside.*
For I've been Thunder-stricken with report.
K. If he be married, as I fear he is,
A War is like to be his fair Wife's Portion.
And a rich Portion too in the esteem
Of him, and his licentious followers.
Du. War is the harvest Sir, of all ill men,
In War they may be Brutes with reputation.
K. Now let me whisper thee about thy Father.
La Mar. This Duke here keep's a talking with the King,
He hopes to hold himself up with his Wit——
Pshaw! ——Wit's a thing will never do at Court. ——
K. Now Sir's, I charge you all, do not report
Or think the Duke is shaken in my favour,
Because his Father's fallen; his Father, like
A heavy lumbring beam in a house-top
Did rather press him down than hold him up;
To honour the Dukes merit then, shall be
Esteem'd by me as merit; and so Sirs embrace him.

La Ma. Oh! I am in a very fine condition,
Who have affronted and oppos'd his Father.
I thought their damn'd great Family was ruin'd!
Pox o' these Court intrigues! a man is trapt
And snapt, he knows not how to turn himself.
Why is the King so fond of this same *Vendosme*?
He is no dresser, do but see how awkardly
His damn'd Crevat is tyed? Were I a King
I'de hang a man shou'd come into my presence
With such a damn'd Crevat, and tyed so slovenly.
Then he is no Dancer neither: What's he good for?
Oh! he is a Wit forsooth! Hang all these Witts?
They are good for nothing but to jear and scribble.
This *Vendosme* must be lov'd because his tongue
Hangs well, I wou'd his neck were hung as well.
But 'tis in vain to mutter, I must flatter him.
My noble Lord, your Graces humble Servant.

Du. Honest *La Marre*, how dost?

La Ma. Ever in health,
And in good Fortune when your Grace is so.

Du. I thank thee good *La Marre*.

La Ma. My Lord, Im'e tyed
By most particular strong Obligations
To your Grace's Family, I owe my Fortunes
To your most noble Fathers Love and Bounty.

Du. I will succeed him in his Love to thee.

La Ma. So now my Interest which was off the Hinges
Is naild on fast again; but I will go
Shortly behind the Door, and clinch the Nail;
I'le make him a particular Address
At his own Lodgings, and then all is done.
Then I'le not fail to make my Court to him
Almost at all his Levyes and his Couchees.

K. Come in with me, my Lord,
I must talke more with you. *Exeunt.*

Du. I will attend you sir, my soul is troubled,

Where

Where e're I go, I meet a wandring rumour,
Louize is the *Dauphins* ſecret Miſtreſs.
I heard it in the Army, but the ſound
Was then as feeble as the diſtant Murmurs
Of a great River mingling with the Sea.
But now I am come near this Rivers fall,
'Tis louder than the Cataracts of *Nile*.
If this be true ——
Doomeſday is near, and all the Heavens are falling.
I know not what to think of it, for every where
I meet a choaking duſt, ſuch as is made
After removing all a Palace Furniture;
If ſhe be gone, the World, in my eſteem,
Is all bare Walls; nothing remains in it
But Duſt and Feathers; Like a *Turkiſh* Inne,
And the fowl Steps where Plunderers have been. *Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Great Conſtable *alone.*

SCENE, *His Apartment in the* Court.

Conſt. ALL ſeiz'd at once! Is this the good effect
Of my wiſe Plots? Oh! my unquiet ſpirit!
Sure ſome men's ſouls are given'm for plagues,
My ſoul to me, is all the Plagues of *Egypt*.
My thoughts are Froggs, and Flies, and Lice, and Locuſts.
When Honours are rain'd down on any other,
A Plague of Hail is rain'd down upon me.
When men's Proſperity ſhines hot upon me,
My poyſonous nature breaks out all in Boyles.

Oh

Oh! Come My Lord: let's meditate revenge.

Enter La Force.

La For. Had we been wiſe we ner'e had needed it.
Conſt. Were the King wiſe we ner'e had liv'd to plot it.
The King's unskill'd in gallant wicked Men;
Undo us, and not ſend us to the Devil;
The Devil for that ſhall ſend us to the King.
No Man ſo brave as he who dares be wicked;
Ill ha's no Friend to truſt to, but its own
Baſtard, Succeſs; the off-ſpring of its ſtrength.
La. For. Know you your Son's arriv'd?
Conſt. Is he?
La For. He is.
Conſt. So, that's good news: I am prepar'd to cheat him.
In pious dreſs I'le ſteal into his Boſom,
As Knaves (they ſay) do in St. *Francis* habit,
Cheat Heaven, and creep into old *Abraham*'s Boſom.
La For. I doubt he will not be deceiv'd ſo eaſily.
Conſt. Oh! he who ha's fooliſh good nature in him;
Ha's a ſoft Girll the Portreſs of his Breaſt,
Who will be eaſily mov'd to ope the Door.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Duke, my Lord, is come.
Conſt. Oh! bring him.
La For. I'le leave you for a while.
Conſt. Do, good, my Lord. *Exit. La Force.*

Enter Duke *of* Vendoſm.

My Son! and have I liv'd to ſee thy Face!
I thank my Enemies they leave me thee,
A greater Joy, than all they have taken from me.

Duk. Now

Duk. Now is my Father falling to his Arts : — [*Aside*
To ſtrive to work me to his practices.
Conſt. Son, I deſpair'd to ſee thee any more.
Duk. Why ſo, my Lord ?
Conſt. My Heart is almoſt broken.
Duk. What break's your Heart ?
Conſt. Diſgraces ; I am thruſt
To my Grave's brink, by injuries and diſhonours.
Duk. I hear you have fallen into the King's diſpleaſure.
Conſt. Into the *Dauphin*'s rage.
Duk. For what deſert ?
Conſt. Do any riſe or fall in Courts by merit ?
A want of faults is often a great fault.
How fond are ſome great men of Fools and Dwarfs,
Becauſe they are good Foiles ? but tall deſert
Does often ſawcily o'relook a Prince.
I am no Dwarf to let great Fools ſtride 'ore me,
To the King's Breaſt.
Duk. And ſhall that break your Heart ?
If I diſdain'd to be my Prince's Dwarf,
I wou'd ſcorn more to be his Marble Statue ;
To weep when ever the Court weather's damp.
Conſt. Damp ! it is ſtormy ; one tempeſtious blaſt
Tore from me all my ſhining Robes at once.
Duk. They were too heavy for your Years to carry,
For all the envy of the Kingdom hung on 'em.
Conſt. But they have dreſt up Fools and Blocks in 'em.
Such blockiſh Fools are rais'd one wou'd imagin,
The Conrt is rather pitching of the Bar,
Then raiſing Men to Honour ; I can name
Some Counſellors, who cannot ſpeak good ſence ;
The Wretches have no other uſe of Tongues
Then Dogs of Tails, to wag 'em when they fawn.
The ſhining Tongue of their chief leading Orator,
Ha's neither edge nor point ; but finely ſcabberded
In Velvet Words : is like a Sword of State

Born

Borne before publick business for a shew.
Duk. Why shou'd this grieve you?
Const. I abhor that Fools
Shou'd go before me in Command and Power.
Duk. He is not honour'd most, who goe's before.
Mace and Sword-bearers go before a King.
Methinks when e're I see Authority,
Lugger a heavy Fool upon her Sholders
Before me, I have State bestowed upon me,
And have a Leaden Mace carried before me.
Const. Come 'tis unnatural Fools shou'd be uppermost.
D. 'Tis very natural vain things shou'd be uppermost,
In such a World of Vanity as this;
Where massy substances of things sink down,
And nothing stay's but Colours, Sounds, and Shadows.
What mighty things derive their power from Colours:
Courts owe their Majesty to Pomp, and Shew:
Altars their Adoration, to their Ornaments:
Women their Lovers, to their Paint and Washes;
Fools their esteem to Perewigs and Ribbons.
How many Trades are there that live by tones?
The cheating Beggar whine's our Money from us;
The Player by his tone will make us weep,
When Men's substantial sorrows cannot do it.
An Orator will set the World a dancing
After his pipe when Reason cannot stir it.
Fanatick canting Priests, will o'return Kingdoms
Only by tones, and thumping upon Pulpits.
And silly human heards, as soon as e're,
They hear the wooden thunder, prick up Ears,
And Tails, and frighted run they know not whither.
Const. Go, angle not for me with rotten Hairs,
The combings of Philosophers old Pates.
We have all our several Passions that command us,
I am a Slave to Honour and Ambition,
And thou to fair *Madamoselle de Guise.*

D. Ha!

Du. Ha! —— [*Starts*

Conſt. Have I touch'd you, Sir? Now Sir, ſuppoſe
This beantious parcel of your Soul, this parcel?
This ſoul of yours were torn out of your Body,
Wou'd you not feel it? ha!

Du. He ſtabbs me! [*Aſide*
In my old Wound.

Conſt. Oh! Are you ſtartled, Sir?
Say ſhe were Whor'd, Sir.

Du. Oh! I am abus'd, — [*Aſide.*
All, all agree about this curſed ſtory.

Conſt. What now? you are awake, I have rous'd you
Out of your Dream of Stoical Phyloſophy,
And you have Blood and Paſſions ſtirring in you:
I thought your Veins were only Veins in Marble.

Du. No, no, my Lord, I am a Man, no Statue,
No Paſquin, only to hang Libels on.

Conſt. Then ſince thou art a Man, and haſt ſome feeling
I will not ſay ſhe's whor'd, but I will ſay,
A married man enjoys her.

Du. Do not ſay it, my Lord.

Conſt. 'Tis true, I have ſeen 'em folded in embraces,
Have ſeen their ſouls skip from their Eyes and dance
On wanton looks, like Tumblers upon Ropes.
Have ſeen their tilting Lipps meet cloſe, and grapple,
As they wou'd tugg each other from their Faces;
Then with what breath their pleaſant ſtrife had left 'em,
They'd fling with ſcorn out of their laughing mouthes
The Name of *Vendoſme*; more they ſcarce cou'd ſay,
But when they had breath they'd cry, *Phi-lo-ſo-pher.*

Du. Who does ſhe play this modeſt game withall?

Conſt. With one whoſe Sport you dare not ſpoil,
The *Dauphin.*

Du. Oh! It is ſo: This Woman has been falſe,
To get a Crown: — Oh! —

Conſt. Are you pain'd? Be comforted.

You quickly ſhall have eaſe, for know your death
Is plotted by 'em both.
Du. My Death!
Conſt. Your Death.
I'me ruin'd cauſe I know all their Deſigns:
For now Court ſecrets are like Fairy's Revels,
Or Witches Conventicles; men are ſpoiled
With ſudden blaſts that either tell or ſee 'em.
They do not ſpare their Favourites and Creatures.
Briſac, once lov'd both by the King and *Dauphin*,
Becauſe he honeſtly oppos'd your Murder,
Is falſely charg'd with Treaſon, and tormented
To make him own it, and name you a party.
Du. Can there be wickedneſs enough in Hell
To furniſh out with truth this horrid Story?
Conſt. I know thy thoughts are calling me a lyar.
Ho! there:

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.
Conſt. Open thoſe folding Doors.

The Scene is drawn, and Briſac *is ſhewn bloody and aſleep.*

Sleeps he?
Ser. He's fallen into ſo deep a ſleep,
His ſenſe is ſunk out of the loudeſt call.
Conſt. I gave him *Opium* to eaſe his pains.
I cou'd not bear to hear his piercing groans.
Now Sir, I hope you will believe your Eyes.
Du. This horrid barb'rous ſight confounds my ſoul.
Conſt. Oh! now it works him, I ſhall fool him finely [*Aſide*
D. I'le ſearch the depth of this, though it reach Hell. [*Aſide.*
Wake him.
Ser. We cannot.

Du.

Du. Cannot you?
Ser. We cannot.
Du. Then ſhut the door, I cannot ſee him longer.
I'me ſtrangely mov'd.
Conſt. What if we went to Prayers,
And recommend to Heaven the King and *Dauphin*?
Du. To Prayers! To Arms, fit Weapons to reveng us.
But I am juſtly ſerv'd for having th' Impudence
To put on Vertue in this dirty World.
And drag the Robes of Angels on a dunghil.
Conſt. Indeed thoſe Robes ſtarve every man that wear 'em.
Du. But I did only put 'em on to act in.
Conſt. To act in?
Du. Yes, and wrapt my ſelf ſo cunningly,
The Devil with all his *Flambeaus*, cou'd not ſee me.
Conſt. How? Art thou not what thou pretend'ſt to be,
A man of Vertue, Loyalty and Honour?
Du. The pretty jingling of the Chains of Fools.
Conſt. Ha! Is it ſo? this is moſt wonderful!
I always thought thee a poor Mountaineer,
That liv'd on Vertue's cold and barren Hill,
Till all thy blood was froze, and ſenſe benumm'd.
Du. No, no; my blood is hot, and my pulſe beat's,
As ſtrong as any man's, ring's all the Changes
Of Love, Ambition, Fury and revenge;
I'le give my ſelf Revenge, my Country Freedom,
I will transform my enſlav'd Nation
From Mules, and burthen-bearing Beaſts, to Men.
No beaſt is half ſo wretched as a *Frenchman*,
He always has a Bridle in his mouth,
And he has nothing but his Bit to champ on.
Conſt. Right: He is forc'd to give his Meat for Salt.
Du. He's ſlead and ſalted.
Conſt. He's a pickled Mandrake,
An *Engliſhman* will eat him for a Sallad,
And pluck him by the roots out of his Trenches.

When e're he has a mind, in spite of all
The pretty Gardning way you now have got,
Of keeping your *Muskmellons* from the Weather.
No wonder the stout *English* always beat us,
We squeeze the heart and soul out of our Peasants,
Then flap the enemy with the empty baggs.

Du. But now I'le stuff the Peasants skins with Manhood,
And break the Chain that links to the King's Throne
The Nobles, as the Globe is to *Joves* Chair.
I hate dependence on anothers will,
Which changes with the breath of every whisper,
Just as the Sky and Weather with the Winds.
Nay with the Winds, as they blow *East* or *West*,
To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant,
So are our wholsom or unwholsom Days.

Const. Nay with his Diet, if his Cook but gives him
A melancholly Dish; or if his Doctor
Gives him a Pill shall stir up Choler in him,
We may perhaps be purg'd out o'th Court.
And then we boast of Destinies and Stars,
When we are made or spoil'd by Quacks and Cooks.

Du. Nothing more true; nay we are finely rul'd
Between a wild young Prince, and dull old King.

Const. A Royal Image, and brave fiery Spirits,
Do only burn like waxen Tapers round him,
As if it was the Funeral of the Kingdom;
Rather like Lamps i'th Urn of a dead Kingdom.

Du. 'Tis dead; for it has long been deadly sick.

Const. Oh! surfeited with fulsom Ease and Wealth,
Our Luscious hours are candied up for Women,
Whilst our Men lose their appetite to Glory.
Our Pilots all their skill, for want o Storms.

Du. The Kingdom's Dead, or in a Lethargy;
I'le try, and lance it now about the Head.

Const. The King!

Du. The King.

Const.

Conſt. Thou art a wicked fellow,
Where didſt thou get this wickedneſs, and when?
Du. I got it that brave night when you got me,
You made me wicked in my Mothers womb,
And I have trebly improv'd your nat'ral Stock.
I ſet my foot firm on the preſent World,
Nor like a Boy skipping between two Ships,
Slip down between 'em and ſo looſe 'em both;
But here I ſtow my Fortunes, and I caſt
All goodneſs over-bord as ſo much Lumber.
All Vertu's as a bunch of uſeleſs Keys,
That will unlock no Doors but thoſe of Heaven,
Where neither you nor I have any buſineſs.
Conſt. Who cou'd believe an Image of a Saint
Shou'd lodge within it ſuch a neſt of Spiders?
Let me embrace thee, Son, for now I own thee.
Thou wert not ſtole from me when thou wert young
By Prieſts and Schooles, thoſe common Thieves in Children,
Who ſpirit 'em away, and in their rooms
Send us home Idiots mop'd with Piety,
Pinch'd hourly by that Fairy, call'd a *Conſcience*,
And blaſted by that Lightning call'd *Religion*.
Now I will own to thee, I have materials
For a great Change; and now thou ſhew'ſt Ambition,
I dare confide in thee.
Du. I'de as ſoon be
An Eunuch, as a Man without Ambition.
The luſt of Ruling men, does far excel
The bruitiſh luſt of Getting 'em; a Beaſt
Can Get his kind, but cannot Govern it.
Ambition is a Spirit in the world,
That cauſes all the Ebbs and Flows of Nations,
Keeps Mankind ſweet by action, without that
The World wou'd be a filthy ſetled mud.
Conſt. Moſt excellent!
Du. Have you no Friends, my Lord,
You cou'd engage?

Conſt.

Conſt. Thouſands of all degrees.
Rebellious Lords denyed the Rule of Provinces,
Damn'd knaviſh Stateſmen fool'd of promis'd Offices,
Mutinous Officers deny'd Commands,
Proud Clergy-men who cannot get promotion
So much as for their Money; wealthy Fools,
Who wou'd be Knights or Lords, and are refuſed.
And all the diſcontented Lay-men's Wives,
And all the diſcontented Church-mens Wenches,
And all the Women who fain would be Miſtreſſes
And loſe their Reputations to no purpoſe:
All who have yielded to old gouty Stateſmen,
With hopes of Penſions and were fool'd of 'em.

Du. Moſt rare Tooles all!

Conſt. Moſt excellent! with thy Ayd,
We ſhall not need th' aſſiſtance of an Angel.

Du. An Angel! What aſſiſtance can he give us,
Who ſpends his time in idleneſs and ſongs?

Conſt. He's good for nothing but t' inſpire a Fidler.

Du. Your's are the Tools: cou'd you not bring 'em to me?

Conſt. At an hours warning.

Du. Pray, my Lord.

Conſt. I will.

Du. And I will bring a Guard and ſeize 'em all.—[*Aſide.*
So, now I've opened all the filthy Vault,
And let out ſuch foul air has madt me ſick.
But yet within this Vault I find a Lamp
Of joyful hope, *Louize* is not falſe,
But wrong'd by flying rumours, which like Birds
Soaring at random, mute on any head.
'Tis plain, my Father turns the Stream of Rumour
Tow'rds her, to carry me along to Treaſon.
I'le beg my Fathers Life, but I'le ſecure him
From hurting of the King. — [*Aſide.*]
Farwel, my Lord.

Conſt. Farwel, dear Son!

Exit

Exit Duke. *Enter* La Force.

La For. What news? What good Succeſs?
Conſt. I've fool'd him admirably.
Oh! I have put ſuch crabbed ſtuffe into him
Ha's curdled the milk-ſop. Well, I have promis'd him
That you and all our Friends ſhall talk with him.
La For. We will.
Conſt. I'le call you ſuddenly.
La For. I'le wait you. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Louize.

Lou. I've ſeen the wicked, perjur'd, charming *Vendoſme*;
Have view'd him or'e and or'e, and heard him talk.
Heaven has not blaſted one of all his Graces.
His Tongue has all the harmony it had,
When Ears, and Hearts, and all the gates of Souls
Flew open at the ſound; ſtill, ſtill, his words
Reſemble (as they did) the heavenly *Manna*,
Feaſting all Ears with what they moſt delighted.

Enter La Guard.

La Gu. Madam I've ſpy'd the *Duke* watching the *Dauphin*,
They are both coming hither.
Lou. Then draws near
The time of our moſt terrible encounter.
Come to my ayd my Honour, give me vigour,
If Love approach me, let me throw it off
With all the ſtrength a Woman in Convulſions
Will do an Infant. Let me daſh its brains out.
And to begin the Battel, I'le receive
The *Dauphin* in his ſight with doting fondneſs.

Enter.

Enter the Dauphin *followed at a diſtance by the Duke of* Vendoſme.

Du. I've followed him with trembling ſteps unſeen,
Fearing he leads me to the fair Inchantreſs.
My fears deceive me, or I heard him name her.
Oh! If he lead's me to her, Heaven govern me.
'Tis ſo! 'Tis She! they meet, embrace, and kiſs.
Devil loſe my hand, thruſt it not to my Sword.
Damp. Love, I muſt tell thee news, *Vendoſme* is come;
That fortunate proud ſlave; but I am going
To take his Pride from him, and tumble him
With that great Knave, his Father, in the dirt. *Exit.*
Du. Hark! hark! My death is plotted by 'em both.
All true my Father told me! —— Nay your Lover
May take my pride from me, for he has taken
My ſhame from me, the falſeſt Woman living.
Lou. You here?
Du. Yes, I am here.
Lou. Dare you approach me?
Du. Yes, but with fear, for ſure you are not a Woman.
A Commet glitter'd in the Air of late,
And kept ſome weeks the frighted Kingdom waking,
Long hair it had, like you, a ſhining aſpect;
Its beauty pleas'd at the ſame time it frightned,
And every Horrour in it had a Grace.
It has not now appear'd theſe ſeveral Months.
Are you that Comet? Some Aſtrologers
Say Sun, and Moon, and Stars, are living Creatures
That feed on Vapours, are you come below
To feaſt upon the reek of ſmoking hearts,
Burnt by your ſelf in that inflaming ſhape?
Lou. I underſtand you not.
Du. Sure ſome ill Spirit
Aſſumes the ſhape of the Divine *Louize*;

And

And yet methinks a Demon us'd to darkneſs
Shou'd not be able to approach ſuch Light.
May I have leave to touch that beautious hand,
Only to know if it be fleſh and blood.

Lou. If you wou'd know, go ask your Prince the *Dauphin.*

Du. What? are you aſham'd to ſhew it, it has loſt
Its native pureneſs, and is forc'd to borrow
Whiteneſs from Royal Ermine, and Crown Lillies.

Lou. All this is dark.

Du. I'le bring you to the Light.
This pack o' hounds, we call our Paſſions,
Shall hunt your falſhood, and where e're it Earths it ſelf
I'le dig it out, and bring it to the day.
But if you'l take it in your Arms, and kiſs it,
And ſay 'tis your's, 'tis like you, I am ſatisfi'd.

Lou. My Lord, I lov'd you once, ſtill love your merit;
But I, like Heaven, ſave none for humane excellence.
Were you the greateſt man that er'e was born,
Yet if you fondly worſhip gawdy Idols,
And will have no belief in me, away with you
To your ſuppos'd *Elizium*'s, idle dreams.

Du. What do you call adoring gawdy Idols?
To gaze on 'em?

Lou. To gaze on 'em with pleaſure.
Who worſhips me, muſt ſpeak, and look, and think,
According to my Rules; and if they ſeem
Too hard to practiſe, let him take his Courſe,
I will not give my Heaven to Libertines.

Du. But what if ſhe I gaz'd on was your Image?
Is it Idolatry t' adore your Image?

Lou. Yes, without leave. But you adore another
Only as my Image, and blaſpheme th'original.

Du. I blaſpheme you?

Lou. You know what you have done.

Du. Yes, I once vow'd my heart to you for ever.

Lou. That is not all.

Du. What else?
Lou. I scorn to think of it.
Du. You blush.
Lou. Nay, you wou'd have me dye, no doubt.
You are enraged, after your cruel usage,
To find me living; living Gloriously.
Du. If you were in your Grave,
You were more Glorious
Than in your Guilt, there is no shame in death.
Lou. Yes, but there is much shame in death for Love;
A Woman dye for love! Oh! infamous!
I hate to see't, so much as in a Play,
And think such Plays are Libels to our Sex.
I laugh when I see Ladies weeping at 'em;
Weep till they quite disorder their *doux yeux*;
Weep till their Tears wash away all their Paint.
I wou'd not have that Woman sav'd, shou'd shame
Our Sex by dying so immodestly.
Indeed 'tis never done, or if it be
'Tis never own'd; the very waiting Women,
When their hearts break, do scorn to have it known.
And their Friends never put it in the Bill.
What think's your Grace? Am I in any danger?
Do I look pale at all?
Du. No, Heaven be thank'd:
Your Highness, Madam, looks exceeding well.
Alas! you are in th' Climate which agrees with you,
The scorching clime of Glory; But methink's
The heat might put some Blushes in your Cheeks.
Lou. No, Heaven forbid!
I wou'd by no means have it.
Did secret love devour me, I'de no more
Disclose my torment, than the *Spartan* Boy
Did, whilst the hidden Fox gnaw'd all his entrails.
But Love's a fire, and if it burns within
'Twill smoke without; do you see any smoke?

Or in my looks one ſign of inward Torment?
Du. Not the leaſt, Madam.
Lou. I am very glad of it.
My looks are honeſt then, and tell no falſhoods.
Du. I wiſh your Heart were but as faultleſs, Madam,
As your looks are.
Lou. My Heart will ſerve my turn.
Du. Yes, it has ſerv'd your turn, for it has turn'd
And turn'd, and turn'd, but always to the Sun.
Lou. Think and report it too, rather I had
A thouſand times be thought ambitious, perjur'd,
Than ſuch a wretch as a forſaken Woman.
Du. Madam, I'le do you right.
Lou. You will oblige me,
And your ſelf too, never to ſee me more;
For I ſhall ever vex your haughty heart.
Du. Well, Madam, I will make a ſhift to bear it;
But you by this, give me to underſtand
I am a Storm that trouble your Delights,
You cannot ſing your Songs to your new Lover,
With ſuch a Thorn as I am at your Breaſt.
Lou. Oh! you conjecture wrong, my Lord.
Du. No, Madam.
Well, I will leave you; my tempeſtuous Breath
Shall not ruffle your Bridal Curtains.
Lou. Oh! you cannot;
Nor blow but one looſe Feather from my pillow.
Du. Oh! Yes! yes! I will go! but wou'd it not
Be for your eaſe to ſend your Conſcience with me?
Lou. Your own is heavier than you well can carry.
Du. But yours, I fear is murder'd; If it be,
It's Ghoſt will make your Glories burn as dim
As Lamps that faint when an ill Spirit appears.
Lou. Well, ſtay or go, I'le not talk with you, of you,
Look on you, think upon you, any more. —

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Madam, the *Dauphin*'s asking for your Highneſs.
Lou. Oh! e're I ſee him, I muſt pour my grief out, [*Aſide.*
For my heart's full, and it is running over. *Exit.*
La Gu. So, Now the worſt is paſt. — *Exit.*
Du. Was ever falſhood
Dreſt in ſuch gorgeous ſwelling Robes of arrogance?
It is ſo big, no ſlender Robes can fit it.
Now ſorrow thou haſt found a paſſage to me,
All other wayes my Soul was inacceſſible.
Fame I contemn, her Temple is a Brothel,
Where good and bad lie mingled all together.
Victory I ſcorn, I am not proud; mankind
Is capable of Cowardiſe, and Death.
Titles I ſcorn, they are often fixt to Pamphlets.
Beauty is the only thing that conquer's me,
I am diſarm'd by a white brittle Wand,
Vanquiſh't and robb'd of all, and then forſaken.
Still there's ſome chink made in us ſons of ſin,
For Miſery and Death to enter in. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter the Duke of Vendoſme.

Duke. FArewel oh! World, thou School of bearded Boys,
Here empty Fools are honour'd for full Baggs,
And well-fill'd minds deſpiſ'd for empty pockets;
Men's eyes are dim, but Women's blind to excel-
This beautious Woman look'd upon my Head (lence.
And ſaw no Crown on it, and look'd no deeper.
Thus are our Sex by Women oft deceiv'd,
The Gallant thinks his Miſtreſs ſees his Qualities,
She only ſees his Equipage and Garniture.
Th'old wooden Lord, ſees a young Beauty glance
He thinks on him; Alas! 'Tis on a toy,
More wooden than himſelf, his Coronet.
The Stateſman think's his great parts charm his Miſtreſs,
She only look's on's great Houſe, his great Train.
The brave young *Hero* think's his Miſtreſs value's him,
Becauſe his Courage can ſupport her Honour;
'Tis for his Pages to hold up her Tayle.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. All things, my Lord, are ready for your Journey.
Du. I'me ready then: Now will I ſeek ſome place
Where I may nevermore ſee any thing
Like Man or Woman; ſpecially like Woman,
In ſome dark Forreſt will I live, whoſe Shades
May guard my Eyes ſecurely from the Moon,
Becauſe 'tis bright, and changing like a Woman;
Therefore I'le never ſee 't but in Eclipſe.

Barren

Barren ſhall be the Earth, and ſo bemum'd
And mortifi'd with ſhade, not all the Court-ſhip
Nor golden proffers of the Sun ſhall woe it,
Or bribe it to one ſmile; becauſe if Flattery,
Riches and Pomp, can gain it, 'tis a Woman.
I will want breath, e're let the winds approach me,
Becauſe they'r like th' inconſtant ſighs of Woman.
I never will ſee Summers vaniſhing dew,
Nor Winters ſhining Ice, 'cauſe both, like Woman.
The Dew turn's Air when once the Sun has kiſs'd it.
And Woman in enjoyment proves Deluſion,
Something leſs real than the dreams of fancy.
The Ice diſſolves under the Snn's bright ſmiles.
And Woman always yield's when glory tempt's,
And then what e're is built upon her ſink's.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Monſieur *La Marre*, my Lord, attends without.
Du. La Marre? What has that Fool to do with me?
Ser. He ſay's he has a Meſſage from the King.
Du. He lyes, the King would ſend a wiſer Meſſenger;
But ſince he uſe's the King's Name, admit him.

Serv. *goes out and introudces* La Marre.

La Ma. Now I'le eſtabliſh a firm Intereſt in him. [*Aſide.*
Your Grace's moſt obedient humble Servant,
I am extreamly joyful for your Graces
Glorious ſucceeſs; your Grace ha's done ſtrange Marvels;
His Majeſty has a very vaſt eſteem for you,
He and I have talk't of you a thouſand times.
Du. I thank you, Sir; Well, to be ſhort, good Sir,
Have you any buſineſs with me?
La Ma. To be ſhort,
There is no perſon in the World, my Lord,

More

More in esteem both with the King and *Dauphin*,
And for my own part.
Du. For your part, I mean, Sir,
Have you any business with me?
La M Business, my Lord!
Only that I'me your Graces humble servant;
And so forth, and to pay my high respects,
And so forth, and so forth — I know your Grace
Ha's heard the great Court news, the *Dauphin*'s Marriage
With *Madamoiselle de Guise* is now made publick.
Truth is, she is a very curious creature.
Devil take me if she be not.
Du. Now I find it. [*Aside.*
This senceless Rogue is put on to abuse me.
La Ma. What think's your Grace?
Wou'd not so sweet a Creature
Refresh you finely after a Campagne?
In short, there will be a great Ball to night,
The King, the *Dauphin*, and his beauteous Bride,
Do all expect your Grace to be a Dancer.
Du. Plain, plain abuse! Sir, When was I a Dancer?
My foot shall dance upon no Earth but this.

Kicks him.

La Ma. How? Kick, my Lord?
What do you mean by this?
Du. You are put on by some to abuse me, Sirrah.
La Ma. You are put on by some to abuse me rather:
My Lord, I do not understand the meaning of it;
I shall not put up this. ———

Offer's to Draw.

Du. Shall you not, Sir?

The Duke *offers to draw.* La Marre *putts up.*

La M. I ſhall at preſent, but the King ſhall know this.
I am more conſiderable with the King
Than you believe.
Du. Indeed there are in Court
Too many ſuch ſoft Heads as yours embroyder'd,
And made State-Cuſhions, for great men to lean on;
And Fortune often jump's from Heaven upon 'em.
La M. Soft Heads, and Cuſhions!
Come, my Lord, be it known to you
His Majeſties Servants are not to be call'd
Fools and Soft-heads, by e're a Peer of you all.
The King ſhall know this; He'l not take it well.
All this is, cauſe I did affront his Father,
I'le do his Fathers buſineſs for this trick. — *Exit.*
Du. I find all Courts, are apt, like all great Mountains,
To breed ſuch little Cattel; and theſe Runts
Do often draw weighty Affairs along.
But oh! the Inſolence of this Vile Woman,
To ſet her fools upon me, to abuſe me?
Oh! there is Thunder forming in my Soul,
Now ſhou'd I meet my Father and his Firebrands,
Off ſhou'd I go, and rend the Court in pieces.
He ſaid, he'd bring me hither his Conſpirators,
I'le run for fear the ſtrong Temptation ſeize me. *Exit.*

The Scene *is drawn, the* Dauphin *and* Louize *are ſat in State, and entertain'd with Muſick and Dancing. The Entertainment ended, Enter the* Duke, *He ſees the* Dauphin *Careſſing* Louize.

A Song.

A SONG.

1.

LOng, long had great *Amintor* lain,
At *Celia's* feet, and wept in vain;
Not all his Youth, his Love, or Glory,
But once cou'd make her hear his Story.
One ſmile ſhe to that Youth deny'd,
For whom a thouſand Beauties dyed.
Chor. *Yet all the while fair* Celia *prov'd,*
So haughty, ſo cruel, ſhe ſecretly Lov'd.

2.

Still, ſtill he bravely bore his Pain,
With Patience took her proud Diſdain,
Though all her Looks with Wounds did fill him,
And every Word did almoſt kill him,
To ſee her, or to hear her Speak.
He was content his Heart ſhou'd break.
Chor. *Yet all the while fair* Celia *prov'd,*
So haughty, ſo cruel, ſhe ſecretly Lov'd.

3.

But beautiful *Celia* now fearing,
His Heart ſhould grow hard with long bearing;
Not willing to Loſe him,
Doe's gentlier Uſe him,
And drive's away all his Diſpairing.
Oh now, brave *Amintor,* no Pitty afford,
Thou haſt got her by Storm, now put all to th' Sword;
To the Altar of Modeſty, if ſhe wou'd fly,
It is but an Image, and there let her dye.

4

Now *Celia* for Pitty is crying;
But oh! the Delight of that Dying!
Her Soul cannot ſhew it,
Her ſoul doe's not know it,
Her Soul in a Rapture is flying.
Love, like the Great *Turk*, in his Pleaſures doe's ſport,
With *Mutes*, in the innermoſt parts of his Court;
He drives the dull Counſellor, *Thinking*, away,
And himſelf and his *Mutes*, out o' Breath he doe's play.

Du. Oh! What infernal Spirit brought me hither?
I am decreed for Wickedneſs; I ſhall
Deſtroy that Prince, in ſpite of all that poor
Court Houſhold-ſtuff, that Imagery about him.
Daup. Ha! *Vendoſme* there? Leave me a while, my Love.
Lou. I will, but I will watch you do not hurt him. [*Aſide.*
For ſtill I love him, ſpight of all his falſhood. *Exit.*
Du. He's coming! My Heart ſwells, that my Ribbs bend
Like Bowes of Steel, ready to ſhoot my Soul at him.
Daup. Sir, you have long ſor'd or'e my head, but now
I'le bring you down; Where is your Commiſſion?
Du. How? My Commiſſion? where it ſhall remain
Till the King takes it; Sir, in my own keeping.
Daup. How? Shall?

Dauphin *puts his Hand to his Sword.*

Enter Louize.

Lou. Oh! hold, my Lord?
Daup. What doſt thou mean?
Lou. Oh! to hurt him will pierce your Father's heart;
I beg you then, upon my knees, be calm.

Dau.

Du. What Storm so rude, which such a beautious Halcyon
Cannot soon calme? Traytor, this Angel here
Has given thee life; But know, thou art preserv'd
To perish with thy Father on a Scaffold. *Exit.*
Lou. I'le save him too from that, or perish with him [*Aside.*
Exit.

Du. Now a brave Fool, that had more Blood than Brains,
Whose soul lay in his Arm, not in his Head,
And had my Wrongs, and my Power to revenge 'em,
Wou'd thrust his foolish Arm to reach Revenge,
Though he pull'd all the Kingdom on his Head;
He wou'd accept the Match, the Devil offers me
Instead of my lost Mistress, his own Daughter,
The Heiress of all Hell, *Rebellion*;
I, the next minute, cou'd confound the Town
Into a Temple o' Death, and marry her in it;
And with her, get the Riches of all *France.*
And Hell has sent to Treat about the Match.
His Kindred, cursed Passions to my Heart
Here come his Agents on the same Affair.
Mountain on Mountain, pil'd to scale my Honesty.

Enter the Great Constable, La Force,
and Conspirators.

Const. Son! Here are all our Friends.
Duk. Away with you,
You scare my Loyalty out of its Wits.
Const. Thy Loyalty? Thou art afraid, I see;
These are the honest Friends I told thee off.
Duk. You mean the Traytours.
Const. How?
Duk. Yes, such you promis'd me,
And I give Men and Things their proper Names.
Scuffle for the World then how you will, you Traytors,
There was but one sweet Spot in it I valued,

And it is sunk beneath me; all the rest
Take he that will, and how, I do not care.
Go turn the Globe about then how you will,
There shall be in this wide World, one honest Man,
Though he has much a doe to keep his Honesty.

Const. Hold, Sir, come back again.

Duk. No, I have said.

Const. Thy thoughts?

Duk. My thoughts.

Const. And art thou such a Fool?
What dost thou in a Court, or in the World?
Go be a Monk, in hope of being Sainted,
Give Fryers all thy Gold, in the rich hopes
When thou art dead, they'l tippe thy Scull with Silver;
Stink all thy Life, to be ador'd when Dead,
And have thy rotten Bones to Cure lame Leggs.

Du. Do you go joyn your plotting Heads and lose 'em. *Ex.*

La For. Is this your fooling him so admirably?
How chance we let him go, and did not kill him?
Graves have no Ecchoes, Sculls want Coverings
Of Flesh and Blood, but hide a Secret better.

Const. I'le Kill him with more pleasure than I Got him.
I Got him? I ner'e got him, he's a Bastard;
No Honesty cou'd ever spring from me.

1. *Consp.* Curse on his Piety.

Const. Some Priest begot him,
Lay with his Mother when she slept at Prayers,
That makes the World appear a Dream to him.

La For. The Mother is the chief Ingredient in him.

Const. I ought not to get Children of a Woman,
I ought to mix with nothing but a Chaos,
And get Confusion to the Universe,
And then the Children wou'd be like the Father.

La For. I ner'e approved trusting so rank a Secret
To such a tender Mind; I knew 't wou'd gripe him
His Conscience wou'd have Qualm's.

Const.

Conſt. Ay, there's the thing!
We breed our Children's Minds as tenderly
And Womaniſh as their Bodies; he who means
To have a gallant Son, muſt plunge his Soul
Or'e head and ears betimes in Wickedneſs,
Then when he is a Man 'twill be his Element.
He muſt not let him go wrapp'd warm in Silk
Spun from the ſilly Worms in a Prieſts Head,
But go ſtark naked, then he'll feel no cold.
For Conſcience is but the Soul's outward Skin
Uſe it to Nakedneſs, it feels no Weather,
Uſe it to Labour, and it never Blifters.
If I had us'd this Fool to ſin, I might
Have lodg'd my Treaſon in his brawny Head
As ſafe as Poyſon in an Aſſe's Hoofe.

La For. But now it crack's his chryſtal Wit, and ſpills.
I hate theſe chriſtal Wits, they are good for nothing
But to make flattering Looking-glaſſes for Ladies.

Conſt. He ſay's he'll keep his honeſty; damn'd Sot!
What will he do with it? Go beg with it?
For in this Age 'tis of no other uſe,
But like a Beggar's Child, to move Compaſſion,
Yet never gaines the half it coſt in keeping,
For all Men will ſuſpect it for a Baſtard.

Enter an Officer *with a* Guard.

Off. and the Gua. Reſign your ſelves my Lords;
You are my Priſoners.

Conſt. How Sir? Your Priſoners?

Off. Your own Son, my Lord,
Charges you with High Treaſon againſt the King,
And bloody cruelties to Count *Briſac.*

Conſt. Oh! curſed Villain!

La For. Villaines both of you.

1. *Conſp.* You are, you have betray'd us all.
All Betray'd.

2. *Con*

2. *Conſp.* A trick to ruine us, and beg our Fortu
Conſt. Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs.*
La For. How! Are you laughing at us?
Conſt. Yes; I am.
1. *Conſp.* You did deſign we ſhou'd be ſeiz'd then?
Conſt. Yes.
And I laugh heartily to ſee you all Sigh,
As you were bottling up Air in your Bellyes
To ſerve you when your Wind-pipes are cork'd up.
But come poor Men, be comforted, all's well.
I ramm'd this Fool up to the mouth with Treaſon,
Not to hurt us, but to break him in Pieces.

Enter the King, Duke, Guard.

K. So Sir, Your Son informs me ex'lent things of you.
Conſt. Art thou, unnatural Monſter, my Accuſer?
Duk. I am; The ſecrets tore out of my Breaſt
And broke all Barrs of Nature.
Conſt. Oh! vile Wretch!
Seek to deſtroy his Being, who gave thee thine?
Du. What greater Curſe than Being cou'd you give me,
With all the Plagues your ſins entayle upon it.
You ſpent your own and all my ſins beforehand
And morgag'd me to Hell before you got me,
For more than I was worth.
Conſt. Thou mak'ſt me mad!
Du. Ambition makes you ſo.
If I had that diſeaſe, I'de have my Head
Trepan'd, to let out all the windy Vapours,
Rather than ſwell ſo big, till my Brains crack.

Enter the Dauphin, La Marre, *and* Train.

Daup. Where's the *Conſtable*? bold daring Traytor!
And haſt thou dar'd to wrack the Man I lov'd,

For

For whoſe leaſt hair I took thy Head in pawn?
Know I will have thee broken on the Wheele,
If thou haſt dar'd only to break his ſleep.
Conſt. I am contented.
K. Why! Is he not hurt?
Conſt. Not that I know of.
K. Did not you inform me,
You ſaw him newly taken from the Wrack?
Du. I did.
Conſt. You did; then it was you that wrackt him.
If ſo, Sir, you have ſerv'd me a fine trick,
To torture him and put it upon me.
K. But, Sir, he ſaie's you put it upon me,
And ſought by that to tempt him into Treaſon.
Conſt. I never tempted him nor talk'd with him.
I ſcarce have ſeen him ſince he came to Court.
K. I am amaz'd!
Daup. What jugling's here between you?
D. I'me half afraid he has put ſome trick upon me. [*Aſide.*
Conſt. You ſee he's ſilent, Sir, he know's not what
To ſay, nor I to think. Well, I've obſerv'd
Theſe damn'd half witted and half honeſt fellows,
Like *Africa*, have things of different kind
Meet and engender, and get monſters in 'em.
Their wit and folly couple, and get non-ſence,
With a ſtrange face of ſence; their knavery and honeſty
Beget a Devil with an honeſt look,
And ſuch a Monſter is this fellow's lye.
Or elſe perhap's he is a down-right Traytor,
And is a partner in *Briſac*'s Conſpiracy,
And he wou'd make my Bloud the *Aqua fortis*
To eat his partners Priſon bars aſunder.
I believe that.
Daup. Come, you are Villain's both.
La Ma. A'nt pleaſe your Highneſs, you have hit upon it.
The Duke of *Vendoſme* affronted me this morning

Only

Only because I mention'd you with honour;
I told him I wou'd find a time to tell you.
K. Who bids you meddle? give away that fellows
Employment presently.
La Ma. Give away my Employment?
K. Be gon, Sir,
La Ma. Sir it cost me five years purchase.
K. Be gon, Sir.
La Ma. Sir, I have had no salary
Since I came in it.
1. *Courtier.* Stand prating to the King?
Out of the presence.
La Ma. Sir, I've paid for prating.
Court. Well, if you have, Sir, go prate somewhere else.
La Ma. Here's a fine business, turn'd away for Loyalty.
Well, I will be reveng'd upon the Court.
I know some Male-contents that I will stick to.
Const. Now, to conclude the strife, open those doors.

The Scene *is drawn, and* Brisac *is sitting dress, awake, and well.*

Du. This sight, or th'other was a strange Delusion,
Const. Witchcraft, you know I traffick with the Devil.
Dau. I am amaz'd at this! How do's *Brisac*?
Vendosme reported that his Father wrack'd thee.
Brisac. He threatned me indeed, but durst not do it.
Daup. Some damn'd design was forg'd between 'em both;
I'le trust thee to him no longer.
K. I'me convinc't:
You tamperd with your Son, and put some trick on him.
Const. So, I am still judg'd guilty, though my Innocence
Has past the Ordeal of the burning noon;
Ha's trod the Light unscorch't! — Oh! equal doings.
Daup. If thou beest innocent, thy Son's a Cannibal,
Who feed's his Greatness with his Fathers flesh;

And

And to the horrid feaſt, invites the King,
'Tis ſo! 'tis ſo! the Monſter, Sir, abuſes you,
He gives you Philters in his Father's Scul,
And you drink down the damn'd bewitching draught.
Throw 't up again, if you will keep your Crown.
K. I'le keep my Crown, and therefore I will keep
Him who protects my Crown from thy Ambition.
Come in, I gueſs the meaning of this Riddle.

The King *goes out leading the* Duke.

Conſt. Not all this do? [*Aſide.*
Daup. And ſhall this potent ſlave
Still rule the King, and trample upon me?
I'le make his Father ruine him. [*Aſide.*] My Lord,
I find you were miſ-repreſented to me.
Conſt. I'me glad you find it, Sir, your noble Youth
Has not yet play'd enough with the World's Tennis Ball,
To know its curſed Tricks.
Daup. I am convinc'd,
Your Son's the Villain, that I thought you were.
Conſt. I'me now convinc't of it to my great ſorrow.
Daup. He blackens you, to make himſelf ſeem bright.
Conſt. And, Sir, 'twas he that blackned you to me.
Daup. Oh! Villain!
Conſt. Now I find his tricks; He ſecretly
Puts Pirats Colours out at both our Sterns,
That we might fight each other in miſtake,
Then he ſhou'd ſhare the Ruines of us both!
Daup. I will remove him.
Conſt. Oh! By all means, Sir.
Da. My Father's Old, What then? Age like a Caterpiller
Will crawl upon the Leaves of a young Tree
'Till it has eaten away all it's Beauty;
And I'le not waſt my golden youth in Bondage,
To a proud ſlave.

Conſt. T'were better he were damn'd.
Had I more Sons, than wou'd Eclipſe the Sun,
I'de kill 'em all, if they ſtood in your Light.
Daup. That's nobly ſaid.
Conſt. I'le do as well; the King
Shall ſend this ſlave e're night to the *Baſtile.*
Daup. Do this, and you and I will ſhare the Kingdom.
Conſt. Sir, let me ſhare your Heart, that's all I ask.
Daup. You ſhall have that, and all that *France* can give.

The Conſtable *kiſſes the* Dauphin's *hand,*
The Dauphin *Embraces him.*
Enter Courtiers.

1. *Court.* How's this? he's great again! he's wound himſelf
Into the *Dauphin's* Favour, who abhor'd him.
2. *Court.* Who ever thought this had been poſſible?
3. *Cou.* Nothing's impoſſible to this damn'd *Conſtable.* [*Aſide*
1. *Cou.* He'l be more abſolute than e're he was. — [*Aſide.*
Well I will be the firſt ſhall ſtrike in with him.
Gentlemen, I'me glad to ſee this ſight.
The *Conſtable's* a man of excellent parts.
Devil take his parts, and him — [*Aſide*
2. *Cou.* Oh! moſt rare parts.
Pox on his parts. He'l ſtick on all our skirts.
Daup. My Lord, from this time forward I'me your Friend.
Conſt. And I your Highneſſes moſt faithful ſlave.
Briſ. Sir, Are you in earneſt with him?
Daup. Ask no Queſtions. *Ex. Daup. Briſac.*

The Courtiers *run all and ſalute the* Conſtable.

All. My Lord! my Lord.
Conſt. Oh! now the Flyes come buzzing!
All. My Lord, your Grace's humble ſervant.
Conſt. Buzze!

All.

All. My Lord! my Lord!

Conſt. Nay Gentlemen, ſtart fair,
Don't think you are in a progreſs; carve me hanſomly.

1. *Cou.* My Lord, believe me, I'me your Grace's ſervant.

Conſt. I know it, Sir.

1. *Cou.* I am indeed, my Lord.

Conſt. I'le take my Oath on't.

2. *Cou.* My Lord, I honour your Grace moſt particularly.

Conſt. Particular Coxcomb.

3. *Cou.* Oh! my Lord, I honour you,
And ever did with all my heart and ſoul.

Conſt. Sir, You and I have but one Soul between us.

3. *Cou.* Nay! I beſeech you.

Conſt. *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.

1. *Cou.* Your Grace is pleaſant.

Conſt. Oh! your Worſhips Jeſter.

2. *Cou.* Damn him, he laugh's at's all!
I'le ſcrape no more to him.

Conſt. Out! out you ſilly Raſcals, do you hope
To ſell your Leggs, and Bows, and Nods to me?
Were but your Leggs as rotten as your Hearts,
I'de pull 'em off, and beat you about the heads with 'em,
For thinking you cou'd pawne ſuch ſtuffe on me.

All. What? what?

Conſt. Out! out! I ſay, you Flies! you Maggots.

He thruſt's 'em out.

This Greatneſs is a perfect *Holland* Cheeſe,
Pour Wine into't, and it breeds Maggots preſently.
The *Dauphin* only pour'd ſome ſmiles into me,
And ſee how ſoon the Maggots crawl about me.
Well, han't I brought you off?

All. To Admiration.

La For. Now I ſhall dare to truſt my Fortunes with you, once more.

Conſt. How, truſt your Fortunes! you may venture
To have your Heads cut off, if I adviſe you,
For I have tricks to put 'em on again,
And put 'em on better than e're they were.
La For. I had rather keep mine on juſt as it is.
Conſt. Now I will tell you how I fool'd my Son.
I caſt *Briſac* into deep ſleep with *Opium*,
Then ſhew'd him as if taken from the Wrack,
Thinking that way to fool him: if I cou'd not;
I laid a Trap for him to fool himſelf.
So every way I rid the Mule, and made him
Carry me up the Alps of my Deſigns.
I'me now about a Plot ſhall take effect;
You'l ſee th'event with ſpeed.
La For. Farwel 'till then.

Exit La Force *and* Conſpirators.

Conſt. Now to my Work, here comes my Inſtrument.

Enter La Guard.

La Gua. My Conſcienee! Conſcience!
Conſt. Now what ail's your Conſcience?
Theſe little Souls wear great long proking Conſciences,
That make 'em ſtumble every ſtep they go.
Away with thy fool's bauble of a Conſcience,
A Horn-book is not ſo ridiculous;
Thy Mother tyed it to thee in thy Childhood,
And thou art ſuch an Aſſe to wear it ſtill.
Away with it, and do me one more kindneſs.
La Gua. I'le do you no more kindneſſes.
Conſt. You ſhall.
Do not refuſe me, for fear I uſe you ſcurvily.
La Gua. What dare you do?
Conſt. Do not you dare to truſt.

You

You I have fast; your Lover is my slave,
And he shall to the Gallyes.
La Gua. To the Gallyes!
Const. What, to prevent me, you'l complain perhaps
How ill I use persons of Quality,
A noble Knight, and Lady of the post.
La Gua. Of your own dubbing.
Const. Who are very dextrous
At any knavery, and to keep your Lover
You'l have his Ears nail'd to the Pillory.
La Gu. Oh! base! base man! Now dare not I refuse him.
Well, What is this sweet business I must do?
Const. To bring the Princess and my Son together,
And when in talk their Spirits begin to mount,
And get a prospect of the treachery,
Confess it all, and lay it on the *Dauphin*.
La Gua. And what if your Son kills me?
Const. How? He kill thee?
Ah! poor tame fool, he will not kill a Flea.
La Gua. Nay, he is not so bloudy a man as you are.
Const. Well, let him be as bloudy as he will,
I'le guard thee safely: take thy Lover then
And fly whither you will, I'le yearly give you
A Pension shall maintain you in such Equipage,
That go to *England*, and thy Love shall pass
For a *French* Coun', thou for a *French* Countess.
See my Son comes, go fetch the Princess presently.
La Gu. Well, this shall be the last foul trick I'le play. *Ex.*

Enter the Duke *of* Vendosme.

Du. I'le go! I'le go! Farwel my Fortunes, Honours,
Successes, Glories, Power, gawdy Raggs,
Which all together make up one fine Baby.
I'le fling the Raggs and Tinsel to the Winds,
And let Chance pick 'em up, and give 'em Fools.

Let

Let pride and vanity give Women's hearts
To whom they will; let Destiny give Crowns,
Let *England* now belch fire and o'rewhelm *France*;
Let Old Time mix the Nations in his Cup
To please his Palate, and then drink 'em off;
Let Tyrants pour down Rivers of Men's blood,
To grind the World; all this shall never reach
My care or thoughts, and when I once am got
Into the still and silent room's of Death,
Not all the coyle and rumbling skuffling Nations
Can keep over my Head, will e're wake me.

Enter Louize *weeping.* La Guard.

See! here! the beautious cause of my destruction,
And weeping! Oh! I have observ'd though Pride
Endeavours to fill up her Robe of Glory,
It dragg's in sorrow, and it doe's not fit her.
Madam.

Lou. He here?

Du. Nay, do not fly me, Madam.

Lou. Have I not told you my firm Resolutions?

Du. Madam you have, but you can change your mind.

Lo. You come with hopes to vex me with new upbraidings.

Du. I come to please you, with acquainting you
I'me going to free you from this wretch for ever.

Lo. Or go, or stay, I am indifferent.

Du. Pardon me if I think you are not indifferent.
Iv'e peep'd on the Inside of your Marriage Chain,
And find it Gold but slightly lin'd with Love.
Yes, you have given your self to Pomp, not Love:
To the King's Son, not to the youthful Bridegroom;
You hug not him, but *Pharamond* and *Pippin*,
You have married Titles, Crouds, and Noise, and Forms,
And now the Lumber hurts you, makes you weep.

Lo. I am contented you believe all this.

Du.

Du. Well, Madam, Heaven pardon you my ruine.
My Life has ſtream'd o'er'e Fortunes richeſt Mines,
But ne're did taſte of any thing but Love,
And that ſole ſweetneſs, you make bitter to me.
Lo. Oh! this is full of Art, twiſting the mind
The wrong ſide outward break's no bones, I ſee.
Du. Madam, I'me well aſſur'd, you will not ſend
One poor thought after me, much leſs a Meſſenger,
To know the truth, but if you do, he'l find
In ſome unfiniſht part of the Creation,
Where Night and Chaos never were diſturb'd,
And now grown old, are uglier than ever,
And bed-rid, lye, in ſome dark rocky deſart,
There will he find a thing, whether a Man,
Or the collected ſhadows of the Deſert,
Condenſt into a ſhape, he'l hardly know;
This Figure he will find walking alone,
Poring one while on ſome ſad Book, at noon,
By Taper-light, for never day ſhone there.
Sometimes laid groveling on the barren earth,
Moiſt with his Tears, for never Dew fell there.
And when Night comes, not known from Day by darkneſs,
But by ſome faithful Meſſenger of Time,
He'l find him ſtretch't upon a bed of ſtone,
Cut from the bowels of ſome rocky Cave,
Off'ring himſelf either to Sleep or Death,
And neither will accept the diſmal Wretch.
At length a ſlumber in its infant Arms,
Take's up his heavy ſoul, but wanting ſtrength
To bear it, quickly lets it fall again,
At which the Wretch ſtarts up, and walk's about
All night, and all the time it ſhou'd be day,
Till quite forgetting, quite forgot of ev'ry thing
But ſorrow, pines away, and in ſmall time,
Of th'only man that durſt inhabit there,
Becom's the only Ghoſt that dares walk there.

For

For Ghosts turn paler when they look that way,
Thus never end's his grief, but now ends yours.
Offers to go.

Lou. Oh! stay, my Lord! What do you mean by this?
Must not you blame your self for all the sorrows
Which we both suffer? Had not you first thrown
Contempt on me, I wou'd have been your Wife,
Have been your Wife? have rather been a Tree
On which your Name was carv'd, than Queen of *France.*
Du. How I throw scorn on you?
Lou. Rude, Publick scorn;
Your Army is my Witness, your own Hand,
I have it under your own Hand and Seal,
You scorn'd my Love, and beg'd release of Vows.
Du. Oh! now Hell yawn's, and Treachery appear's
La Gu. He'l kill me.

The Constable *appears between the Scenes, and stops* La Guard *who is running out.*

Const. I'le protect thee.
La Gu. I'le be gone.
Const. I'le kill thee then.
La Gu. I'me in a fine condition.
Du. I write these things! If this right Arm were rotting,
And but to write such things wou'd charm it sound,
E're I wou'd let it write, I'de let it rot.
You know this too, Why wou'd you credit 'em?
My bosom Friends said you were false, and I
Abhor'd 'em all, as men that had the Plague
Of Lying and Slandering, broke out upon 'em,
And I was ready with my Sword, to write
Upon their Bosoms, Lord have mercy on 'em.
Lou. Besides a hundred Witnesses, *La Guard's*
Acquaintance heard you —

Du.

Du. Your acquaintance Miſtreſs?
You are the Witch, I find has rais'd this ſtorm,
Aſſiſted by ſome Devil of your acquaintance.
La Gu. Oh! ——
Du. Tell the Treachery, or I will rip thee,
And ſearch for it in every vein thou haſt.
La Gu. Indeed, my Lord, I'me innocent.
Du. Thou lyeſt.
No eyes but thine beheld our ſecret Loves,
And none cou'd come behind us but thy ſelf,
And give us ſuch a deadly deadly fall.
La Gu. Oh! Pardon me, and I'le confeſs.
Du. I will.
La Gu. Swear.
Du. Then I ſwear.
La Gu. The *Dauphin* then perceiving
The Princeſs conſtant in her love to you,
Got all thoſe Letters forg'd, brib'd all thoſe Witneſſes
To blaſt your Intereſt, and forc'd me to help him.
Du. Enough,— be gon,— had I not ſworn to pardon thee
Yet I muſt do't, Nature give's man a Sacrament,
In his own blood, never to hurt a Woman:
But quickly fly, leſt I break both thoſe Oaths.
Gon. Moſt ex'lent Lyar! — *To* La Gu. *between the Scenes.*
La Gu. Ex'lent Devil you are. *Ex.*
Du. I am decreed, I find, to kill the *Dauphin.*
Conſt. See, in what ſeaſon my Stars bring the *Daup.* [*Aſide.*
Lou. Oh!

Lou. *Weep's, faint's, fall's into the* Duke's *Arms;*
At that inſtant the Conſtable *brings in the* Dauphin,
and ſhews 'em to him.

Daup. Ha!
Conſt. Oh! Peace, Sir, let us liſten to 'em,
I left 'em kiſſing.

Daup. Kissing!
Const. Kissing close, Sir.
Lou. For this I do abhor and loath the *Dauphin.*
I am resolv'd he ne're shall touch me more.
Daup. Oh! Whore!
Const. Pray silence, Sir! For I'de feign have you
Be fully satisfied.
Lou. His Love and Glory
Were both to me a tastless Witches Feast,
They vanishe when so e're your Name was nam'd,
Like those Delusions at the name of Heaven.
Dau. I've heard enough, I'le feast you, you damn'd Whor-
Du. The *Dauphin.*

Dauphin *draw's, wound's* Louize, *she falls.*
The Duke *draw's, fight's, disarm's the* Dauphin.

Dau. Villain! draw upon thy Prince?
Go call the Guard.
Const. Yes, and I'le call the King,
To let him see the Virtues of his Favourite. *Exit.*
Daup. What! Wilt thou kill me, Traytour?
Du. No, I will not.
The Flowers of Graves, and Moss of Royal Sculls
Protect your Head.
Daup. Bold slave, talk thus imperiously
To a great Prince.
Du. To a great Prince! a Dwarf,
Whom men wou'd never see, did you not stand
Upon your Kingly Ancestors high Monuments.
Oh! Heaven! That I must see that Beautious Innocence
Rowl in her Blood, and let her Murderer live,
'Cause a King got him.
Daup. How! that Beautious Innocence?
That Whore o' thine, but I ha' cool'd her Blood.
Du. Oh! He will pull my Sword upon his Breast.

As he ſtands in a raging threatning poſture,
Enter the King, Conſtable, Guard.

Conſt. Now, you may ſee, Sir, what a youth this is.
Daup. Hold! kill him not, take him alive I charge you.
Your virtuous man here has abus'd my Bed,
And 'cauſe I have diſcover'd him, wou'd murder me.
Du. How we are wrong'd!
Daup. You wrong'd?
Du. Yes, by your ſelf.
Daup. By me? Was ever heard ſuch Impudence?
Away with him.

Exit, a Guard *with the* Duke.

Conſt. What ſhall be done with her?
Daup. I care not what's done with her, let Doggs eat her.
Hold, now I think on't, ſearch her for a Picture.
Off. Sir, here's a Picture newly fallen from her.
Daup. Look here, the Picture of her damn'd Adulterer.
This have I ſeen! — Oh! I'me too mad to talk.
K. I'me carried from my Reaſon with amazement.
In all this ſhame, behold, proud boy, the puniſhment
Of thy bold diſobedience to my Will.
And now for *Vendoſme*'s ſake, I'le never Love
Nor Truſt man more. — *Exit.*
Daup. Away with that lewd Woman.

Louize *is carried off.*

And now your Son, ſince he boaſt's Innocence,
I will have wrack't, and do you ſee it done.
Conſt. I ſee it done!
Daup. Ay, Sir, if you expect
I keep my Promiſe.

Const. If?
Daup. Ay! If.
Const. If. ——
Daup. If. ——
I put him upon this to make him odious, [*Aside.*
And then I'le throw him off. I know him for
A turbulent great Rogue, and I abhor him. *Ex.*
Const. Brought to an If already? I am fool'd.
My Fortunes hung on such a rotten twigg.

Enter La Force.

La For. Ha! in distraction? What's the matter with you?
Const. Oh! If! if! if!
La For. What do you mean by If?
Const. I am possest, possest by Fiends call'd Tyrants,
And all my stomack's full of Ropes and Axes;
Oh! for a lusty draught of luke-warm Blood,
The *Dauphin*'s blood, to make me throw 'em up.
La For. I do not understand you at all.
Const. How shou'd you?
Your Head and mine hang both upon an If.
La For. What mean's that If?
Const. The *Dauphin* has deluded me,
Has made me tumble down my Son, my Pillar.
Now he's destroying me, and you, and all. ——
La For. Me!
Const. You.
La For. The Devil's in your unlucky Friendship.
I will take horse, and out o' Town this minute.
Const. Take Horse, take Arms!
Go, mount my Son's brave Troops,
And ride 'em o're the Heads of these false Tyrants.
La For. They are not such Asses to be rid so easily,
Upon an expedition to the Moon.
Const. Oh! take a Tube, and shew 'em all a World

Of

Of Glory in that Moon, and golden Mines there,
Plundering, and Raviſhing; then tell 'em all
They will be all Caſhier'd, and without pay,
Or rather in their General's Coyn be paid,
Be wrack'd for Traytours, torn to ſingle money.

La For. Muſt he be wrack't?

Conſt. By me, his Father.

La For. Barbarous!

Conſt. That grieves me not, I'de make no more to kill
Such a tame Fool, than to ſpill ſo much Milk.

La For. What, though your Son?

Conſt. Were all mankind my Children,
I wou'd hang half, to rule the other half.
My Honours! Honours! grieve me: Go — raiſe the Army.
I'me truſted with my Son, and I will tempt him,
Or force him out to 'em; either will do.
If he be with 'em, though in cloſe Confinement
'Twill do, that will be judg'd a ſhew. — Go! go!
He pawſes — ſo! — my Whirle-pool ſucks 'em in. [*Aſide.*
He ſhall be dipt in this, I'le not come near it.

La For. He mingles Reaſon ſo with all his Knavery,
None can divide the Ratsbane from the Honey,
And I ſhall ſwallow't, though it rot my Head off.

Conſt. Rot Head and Tail, and every part o' me,
I had rather loſe 'em all in noble ſtrife,
Than let 'em mouldy in a quiet Life. — *Ex.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS

ACTUS QUINTUS.

A Prison, the Duke.

Du. WHO look's upon this World, and not beyond it,
To the abodes it leads to, must believe it
The bloody Slaughter-house of some Ill Power,
Rather than the contrivance of a Good one.
Ev'ry thing here breeds misery to man,
The Sea breeds Storms to sink him. If he flies
To Shore for Ayd, The Shore breeds Rocks to tear him.
The Earth breeds Briars to rend him, Plants to poyson him,
Beasts of prey to devour him, Trees to hang him;
Those things that seem his Friends, are false to him:
The Air that gives him Breath, gives him Infection.
Meat takes his Health away, and Drink his Reason.
His Reason is so great a bosom plague to him,
He never is so pleas'd as when he's rob'd on't
By Drink or Madness. Reason is an Arrow
Shot in his Head by Nature, to torment him;
And he's in pleasure when Wine rott's the Arrow,
Or the Moon pull's it out. All things conspire
The misery and death of the World's Tyrant;
His Cups are mingled with Sweat, Tears, or Poyson.
Pain keeps both Doors of this curst World, and hands
The Tyrant in, and doggs him all the way,
And never leaves him 'till she thrusts him out.

Enter the Great Constable,

Const. Get the Wrack ready.

A Wrack

A Wrack, a Table, Light, Pen and Paper.

Keeper. 'Tis ready.
Conſt. Bring my Son out.
Keep. Here he is, ——

Enter the Duke.

Conſt. Go leave me with him. —— So, Sir, are you here?
Now you'l believe my Principles are true.
Who ever wou'd be vertuous, is a Fool;
For he endeavours to plant Vertue here
In a damn'd world, where it no more will grow
Than Oranges in *Lap-land*. It is true,
'Twill peere ſometimes a little above ground,
But never but in dung of poverty;
And then it ſmell's ſo ill, People of Quality
Ne're take it in their Boſom's.
Du. Very well.
Conſt. Nay, the projecting fool that aims at Vertue,
Is a ridiculous Chymiſt, that wou'd make
A vertuous thing out of a Man or Woman,
Who have not a grain of honeſty about 'em;
And they have ſome parts can never be made honeſt.
Nay, there is no falſe fellow like your fool.
Who wou'd be virtuous? for your ſteady Villain
Who ſticks at nothing, is moſt true to every thing:
But your lame fool who halt's 'tween Vice and Vertue,
Is falſe to both, and ſo is true to nothing,
And ſo has no Friends in Heaven or Hell,
And that's the reaſon he never thrives.
Du. Oh! Divine Maximes theſe!
Conſt. Sir, they are true.
Perhaps there never were ſuch things as Vertue's,
But only in men's Fancies like the Phenix.

Or

Or if they once have been, they'r now but Names
Of Natures loſt, which came into the World,
But cou'd not live nor propagate their kind.
How ſhou'd they propagate? Your virtuous fellow
Is an *Hermophradite*, he has two Sexes.
Virtue and Vice, and ſuch a Monſter thou art:
To glory thou art a Girle, but to Woman
Thou art a vig'rous Man! Oh! thou poor ſinner!
To ſcorn Ambition, the ſin of Angels,
And ſtoop to be a Goat.

Du. This Accuſation
Ha's no more truth than any of your Maximes.

Conſt. Deny it? You do'nt know you ſhall be Wrack'd?

Du. Be Wrack'd!

Conſt. Be Wrack'd.

Du. You bring a Bed agreeing
To the fine Lodging you have provided for me.

Conſt. It is a Bed the *Dauphin* has provided you,
Where you muſt lye, till you confeſs your Crimes,
Your Treaſon, and Adultery.

Du. Do's the *Dauphin*
Give his fair murder'd Princeſs this embalming,
To wrap her up in ſtinking defamation?

Conſt. Oh! I ſhall ſupple your ſtiff humour.

Du. Never.
You'l ſooner carve me into a Toad than Lyar.

Conſt. Will you talk thus upon the Wrack and Scaffold?

Du. On both; and more: I will affirm the *Dauphin*
Wrong'd us, and not we him.

Conſt. How?

Du. This is Truth.

Conſt. If this be Truth, then am I finely fool'd.

Du. I know not that, but I am deeply wrong'd.

Conſt. Then ſo am I, wrong'd, fool'd, deluded, gull'd,
To drink my own Son's blood hot from his Veins,
That I may ſmell moſt rank to all mankind,

An

And have Doggs fly at me where e're I go.
Oh! barb'rous! made to murder my own Son,
A Valiant young man, a wiſe young man,
An Innocent young man.
Du. No more, my Lord.
There's alwayes ſome Venome in your Paint,
You ne're Guilded any but in hopes to Rot 'em,
You never Stroke a Head, but it Fall's off.
Conſt. Is it my Heart, or all the City Trembles?
Oh! that ſome Earthquake now wou'd make all *Paris*,
Rowle, and o're-lay her Children in their ſleep,
Kill all of 'em but this young man and me.
What need I wiſh for Slaughter? there will be
Enough to night, and let it be for me.
Du. What doe's he mean now? there is in his breaſt
A reſtleſs, bottomleſs, black Sea of wickedneſs,
And I muſt dive into't — [*Aſide*] What is your meaning?
Conſt. Tis this; Your Troops, the City, the Nobility,
Both out of Love to You, and Hate to Tyranny,
Demand your Life, or clear Proofs of your Crimes,
Elſe they reſolve to fill up with their Swords
The Gap your Death will make for Tyranny
To flow upon 'em; I, who thought you guilty,
Was cheated by theſe Tyrants, to come hither
And Wrack you into a Lyar, to ſave them.
Du. Why did I plunge into his Breaſt, a Sea [*Aſide.*
Wou'd make the Devil ſick if he flew over it,
And tumble like a Bird that flies o're *Jordan*?
Oh! how I am confounded!
Conſt. Ha! I ſee
Loyalty ſtrugling in thy noble Nature
For a brave lye to ſave thy Prince from danger.
Do what thou wilt, for my part, I'le not counſel thee;
'Tis true, you wou'd do well to ſave your Prince,
For it will breed ſtrange Gangreens all o're *France*,
To have a Great Man ſhuffled out of Life,

They can't tell how to please the *Dauphin*'s envy;
And yet, me-thinkes, to save him by acknowledging
Your self a Villain, and the Princess Whore!
Oh! out upon't! I'de let the Kingdom perish
E're I wou'd be a Dog to lick its Sores
With a foule Tongue.

Du. Oh! How does he distract me?—

Const. I see that Paper draws thy kind Eye towards it,
Thou hast a mind to be scribling,— take it.

Gives him Paper.

But you must write down all the Circumstances,
How oft, and when, and where, you enjoyed the Princess.

The Duke Tears the Paper.

Ha! You resolve then rather to be torn,
And let the King be torn too, like this Paper.

Du. Nor that.

Const. What then?

Du. I will go Head my Troops.

Const. Ha! Now thou speak'st indeed: Thou art cast anew
Into the very mettle I wou'd have thee.
Ring out that Bell, that passing Bell of Tyranny.
Proclaim thy Innocence by Trumpet's Sounds,
And with thy Sword and Pike bore all deaf Ears.
If thou must go into another world,
Go like a Gallant man, not creepingly
Like a poor Rogue into a House by night,
Through Grates and Holes will tare thy flesh to Raggs,
And make thy Friends in Heaven asham'd to own thee.

Du. Which way shall I get hence?

Const. In my own Chair,
We will go both together out, unknown.
My Chair.

Enter

Enter Chair-man *with a* Chair.

Du. Will you go with me to the Army?
Conſt. No, I'le preſerve a certain Friend for thee
In caſe uncertain Fortune prove thy Enemy.
Go out a while, —— *To the* Chair-men : *who go out.*
Du. I want a Sword.
Conſt. Take mine.

The Conſtable *gives the* Duke *his Sword, who draws it.*

Du. Now know, my Lord, I've once out-witted you,
I've div'd into you, and I find your Plots,
You have ſtir'd up my Army to Rebellion,
And now you fain wou'd fool me out to Head 'em.
Conſt. A Guard there.
Du. Silence! Or you ne're ſpeak more.
I know the Reverence I ow a Father;
I'le no more violate you than an Altar;
But we may wipe away dirt from an Altar;
And I wou'd free you from this dirty World
In whoſe foul Womb you labour like a Mole,
And when you'r dragg'd into the Light of Innocence,
You are ſick, like things out of their Element.
Since no perſwaſions then can make you Honeſt,
Nor keep you Quiet, Locks and Walls ſhall do it,
Both for my Prince's ſake, and for your own.
Into the Chair, ſo with me to the King.
Conſt. Oh! Slave!
Du. Into the Chair.
Conſt. Prieſt-ridden Slave!
Who all thy inſipid Life haſt been tranſfuſing
The ſheepiſh thoughts of Prieſts into thy head,
Doſt know no way but what thoſe wooden Hands
Direct thee to.

Du. Into the Chair.
Conſt. I heard
A Lover, once in a Rapture, tell his Miſtreſs
Her Mother fed on Roſes; ſure when I
Got thee I was confin'd to a milk diet.
Du. Into the Chair.
Conſt. I'le not into the Chair.

Draws a long Tuck out of a Cane.

I am provided for you, Sir; a Guard there. —*Enter a Guard.*
Secure this Traytor here, he has diſarm'd me
To make eſcape; Now, Sir, I'le handle you.
Bind him, and get the Wrack prepar'd with ſpeed.

The Guard Bind the Duke.

Oh! thou Fool! Fool! ridiculous, vertuous Fool;
I cannot ſpeak my mind, I ſhall betray my ſelf.
Thou mightſt have been King!

Aſide to the Duke.

Du. A glorious Villain.
Conſt. Crown'd on that Scaffold where thy Head ſhall fall.

Enter one of the Guard.

Gu. My Lord, the Wounded Princeſs does deſire
Admiſſion to the Duke, ſhe ſays ſhe has
Some things of Conſequence ſhe wou'd reveal.
Conſt. They are guilty then? and ſhe is a Strumpet, —
Admit her.———

Enter Louize *in a Chair, her Woman helps her out.*

Lou. Oh! My Lord.

Du.

Du. Help her, ſhe faints!
In ſuch fair Ruines Heaven would have lain
If the ill Angels had ſubdu'd the good.
Lou. Oh!
Du. Such a Groan a breaking Sphere wou'd give.
Lou. My Lord.
Du. How does my Love?
Lou. Exceeding ill;
And yet not ill enough for one whoſe ſins
Has brought ſuch ills on you.
Du. Your Sins?
Lou. Oh yes!
My Pride and Jealouſie did ruine both of us;
'Twas wicked Sacriledge to let hot Rage
Melt down your Golden Image in my mind.
Du. Your Love, which never wander'd once from me
Where it was born, doe's talk of me as thoſe
Do of their Native Country's who ne're travel'd.
I cannot talk or think too much of you;
The thoughts you Lov'd me once, will make me think my ſelf
Above an Angel, and this ſight of you
Make me diſreliſh all the Heavenly Viſions.
I ſay this openly before the World;
I ſcorn to tarry till we meet in Death
And whiſper it behind the Globe in private.
Du. Did e're till now two Lovers find ſuch Joys
In the cold barren ſpace between two Worlds?
How do theſe Pleaſures guild the Gates of Death,
Make pleaſant Walkes to lead up to the Shades?
Conſt. This is the Innocent Pair.
Lou. Unnatural Tyrant!
My Soul is often comming to my Wound,
And ſeeing you, ſtart's back, and think's you Hell.
Conſt. I find your Wound has much corrupted Blood in't.
Lou. I faint.
Du. Oh! help.

Lou,

Lou. Farwell, thou Paradiſe;
I'me driven from thee by a Flaming Sword,
And for the ſin of *Eve*, believing Lyes,
But to a better World than *Eve* was chas't,
To Heaven! There's one, no doubt: for were there none,
There wou'd be one o' purpoſe made for you. — *Dyes.*

Du. She's going! She's gone! whilſt th' iron Hand
Of Death, broke this fair Diamond in pieces,
What Sparks flew round, each Richer than a World!

Enter the Dauphin.

Daup. What do I ſee! Oh! Torment! Torment! Hell!
How durſt you ſuffer this?

Conſt. Sir, ſhe deſir'd
Admiſſion on pretence ſhe wou'd Confeſs,
And only came to Dye in his Embraces.

Daup. Oh! Hot *Egyptian* Luſt! a Luſt which burn's
In Damp's of Death, and makes the Grave a Brothel.
Vendoſme! You till this Moment, like a Torrent,
Have born me down like a ſmall floating Weed,
But here you ſhall run under Ground for ever.

Du. But I ſhall riſe again in *Paradiſe*,
Where I ſhall mixe with this Pure Stream for ever.
But Sir, you take his Life who gave you Yours.

Daup. Thou give me Life? Yes, as the Crows and Ravens
Give me my Eyes, they dare not pick e'm out.
Thou Buzzard durſt not light on me an Eagle,
For thy laſt Perch thou knew'ſt wou'd be a Gibbet.

Du. Sir, I'le boldly tell you more; In me
You fling away the Fortune of the Kingdom.

Daup. If *France*'s Fortune be ſo Beggarly,
Then I do well to fling it on a Dunghil.

Du. The Crown you hope to Heir, hang's on this Arm.

Daup. I'd ſcorn to wear a Feather that had hung
On ſuch a Pin.

Du. That Scorn, a Rod ſhall Scourge,
Cut from the Cypreſs that ſhall ſhade my Tombe.
Shortly you'l ſtrive to make another me
Out of my Duſt, mingled with all my Tears,
And all your Souls: But my proud Duſt will ſlight you.
My loſs is nothing but a World, which alwayes
Appear'd to me, a painted treacherous Whore,
That lead's to Hell the Fools and Knaves that love her,
And is a Hell to the Brave Men that ſcorn her.

Daup. Sir, for the Satisfaction of the World
You muſt confeſs your Crimes.

Du. You know us Innocent.

Daup. How dar'ſt thou tell me this? Doſt thou not ſee
That Wrack there? Ha! —

Du. Yes, and I ſee 'tis Wood,
A Limb of ſome old fallen Son of Earth;
And I will not be made to ſpeak a Falſhood
By any Sons of Earth, or Sons of Kings.

Daup. Intollerable! lead him to the Wrack.

Exit Duke *with a* Guard.

Conſt. You ſee how faithfully I've ſerv'd you, Sir.

Daup. Againſt your Son. —

Conſt. Yes, Sir, I've gone indeed
Againſt the ſtream of Nature to ſerve you.

Daup. Can I then think thou wilt be true to me?
If thou could'ſt go ſo eaſily to Miſchief,
When thou wert ſhackled with the Chains of Nature,
How ſwiftly wilt thou run when thou art free?
Know Fool, I've made thee work thy own deſtruction,
I've thrown thee at thy Son, and made you daſh
Each other in pieces like two Earthen Veſſels.

Con. Ha! did you mean by Favours which you promis'd me,
Only to make me Hangman to my Son?

Da. Princes no more ſhou'd keep their words with Villains
Than Prieſts with Hereticks.

Conſt.

Conſt. Oh! Horrour! horrour!
I have fed your Revenge with my Blood's Quinteſſence,
The Bloodof him I got in my hot Youth,
And now you break your League, and ſeek my Life.
Daup. I ſcorn thy wither'd Life, let it drop from thee,
Thy wickedneſs can do no further Miſchief,
Except it work Confuſion in the Heavens,
And make the Sun with horrour hide his Head.
But Nature now is us'd to barbrous deeds,
They do not ſcare her into dire Miſcarriages,
Nor make her Womb conceive unſhapen Prodigies:
Now thou maiſt eat thy Son, the Prince of Day
Is hardy grown, and will not faint and look
As girliſh as he did at *Atreus* Feaſt.
Perhaps that Eye of Day is dimme with Age,
Then live, but live in quiet. — *Guard ſecure him.*
Conſt. Oh! Ruine! Death! I've torn my Bowels out
To hoyſe my ſelf into this Tyrants Favour,
And I've only made my Fall more deadly.
Hoys'd did I call it? rather, then I fell,
When I became a Man, to be a Great One,
Became a Dog to wear a Silver Collar.
I am a Dog, and I am running mad
With drinking the hot Blood of my own Young.
Daup. Ha! What mean's this?

An Alarm. Enter Briſac.

Briſac. The Duke of *Vendoſm*'s Troops.
Are by our treacherous Guards let in upon us;
That, Sir, you have no ſafety but in Flight.
Daup. Oh Villaines!
Conſt. Oh! moſt ſeaſonable Rogues!
Daup. Oh Villaines!
Conſt. Oh! moſt ſeaſonable Rogues!

Daup.

Dau. I'le fall on 'em be the event what it will.
That Prince who fear's deserves not to be fear'd,
Nor to be greater than that Man who dares
Do greater things than he. Secure that Traytor. *Exit.*

Enter the Great Constable, La Force, *young Captains, the* Dauphin, *and* Brisac *Prisoners.*

Const. Oh! you brave Heroe's, greater each than *Brutus*,
He but repair'd, you build your Country's Freedom:
Till now, a *Frenchman*, scarce deserv'd to come
Into the presence of a *Roman* Statue.
La Ma. I find the *Constable* will be the man, [*Aside.*
I am resolved I will chop in with him.
My Lord, I beg your pardon for past Errours,
I find the Court has injur'd both of us:
I'le gladly serve you with my Life and Fortune
If youl accept of 'em.
Const. In my condition
I shall have great occasion for a Rascal,
Therefore I will accept thee.
La Ma. I will serve you. *Exit.*
1. *Capt.* Where is the *Duke?*
Const. Ay! there's the question,
Here in this slaughter-house is a torn Wrecth,
Some say is he; his Father know's him not.
All. How? a torn Wretch?
Const. Ah! Sirs, cou'd you collect
In one dire figure all the ghastly Horrours
E're cover'd Field, after the bloodiest Battel,
When one vast paleness spreads the Earth's green Table,
And Faces folded up in different Grinnes,
With barbarous Ornament adorn it round,
And Bodies pil'd prepare a gluttonous Feast
For Birds and Beasts of prey, it wou'd not be
So terrible a sight as this I shew you.

The Scene drawn, The Duke is shew'd wrack't, Louize dead by him.

All. Oh! Horrour! Fire the *Lauvre*!
La For. Proclaim Liberty;
Freedom is born, Christen it with Tyrant's blood.
Du. Hold! I command you, hold.
La For. What's your will?
Du. My will is you refuse, and turn *Barbarians*!
What Savage Nation in the World, retains not
In the disfigured mass of Humane Nature
Reverence to Princes? If it be too hard
To be as polish't as *Barbarians*,
Be but as good and honest as tame Beasts,
They 're gentle and submissive to their Masters;
But if you will be Men, Subjects, and Souldiers,
Fall at your Prince's Feet, and ask him pardon,
Or throw me dead at yours, do one of 'em,
Or in small time, I'le throw you dead at mine,
For I have loyal Troops that will obey me.
Const. His pains distract him.
La For. What do you mean, my Lord?
You have had great Injuries.
Du. What's that to you?
But I've had none: My present sufferings
Are what appearances gave warrant for.
1. *Capt.* You are wrong'd,
And do not rob your self of just Revenge.
Du. Nor shall you all here rob me of my Honour;
Though like base Thieves you watch your opportunity
When I am all o' fire, and laid in Ruines.
Const. He's mad! stark raving mad, Sir's do not mind him.
Du. Ho! Guard! convey me to my loyal Troops,
Those shall obey me, imprison me, or kill me.
All. We kneel, we kneel! We beg your Highness pardon.

Du.

Du. Now seize my Father. — *All kneel to the* Dauphin.
Daup. Was e're Man so Brave? — *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. The King is coming hither.
Du. Meet him all,
And fall at his Feet.

The Dauphin, Brisac, *and the* Captains *go out, Shouts within. After a pawse all re-enter, following the* King.

K. The Truth appears too late! Oh! thou rash youth!
Thou hast destroy'd the joys of both our Lives,
A noble innocent Pair! for they are Innocent!
Bring in the Traytress who destroyd 'em both.

Enter some with La Guard.

La Gu. Oh! Bloud! Bloud follow's me, I'le confess all,
And beg for Death, no Hell like a bad Conscience.
The Princess was contracted to the *Duke*
Long e're the *Dauphin* lov'd her.
Daup. How? Contracted?
La Gu. Yes Sir; but e're they cou'd compleat the Marriage,
You sent away the *Duke*, to aid the *Germans*
Against the *Turks*, in the mean while your Passion
For her began; the *Constable* perceiving it,
Hoping to draw the *Duke* from his Allegiance,
Knowing that no Temptation else cou'd do it,
Brib'd me, and others, wicked as my self,
To aid him, in obtaining her for You.
We counterfeited the *Duke*'s Hand exactly,
And wrote in it provoking Letters to her,
Then we invented Lyes of the *Duke*'s falshood,
And by these Arts so turn'd her haughty mind,
That she soon hated him, and lov'd your Highness.
When this was done, the *Constable* compell'd me
To lay his tricks and forgeries on you.

Then went and kindled a fierce jealousy in you,
And brought you on th' unhappy innocent pair,
When they were only mourning for their wrongs.

Dusp. O! horrid! horrid!

Const. Oh! notorious falshood!

La Gu. The truth shall out, Sir, the vile *Constable*
Lodg'd all these villainous Secrets in my Bosom.

K. Was ever such a Villain?

Const. Every Man
Is such a Villain, who is not a Fool.
Had that damn'd Sot been Lord of half my wit,
He had this hour been Lord of all the Kingdom.
To shew the difference in our Understandings,
Mine wou'd have made him King, his noble Wit
Has made himself a very gallant Fellow.

Pointing scornfully to the Duke.

K. No, thy unnatural Villany wrought this.

Const. I own I twisted all those various Cables
To drag that lump of Lead up to a Throne,
And he has broke 'em all. Indeed there is
Too much already of that drossy Metal
Over the State; the Church is always cover'd with it;
And I design'd to melt it down, and place
On top of Church and State rich Gold, my self;
But dragging him up with me, broke my Pullies.

K. Impudent arrogance!

Const. A Corpse, they say,
Carried to Sea, does always breed a Storm.
I wafting this dead Fool o're to a Kingdom,
Have shipwrack'd all the Glories I was laden with.

K. Away with him.

Du. Pray give him, Sir, his Life, (slaves?

Const. How? hast thou thrown me on hooks, as *Turks* do
Then would'st thou have me hang alive in torments?

No,

No, I will rather have my Limbs feed Crows,
Then poorly live to be the scorn of Fools.
For a wise Man the Image of a God,
To creep to Fools, scarce Images of Men;
I'le as soon worship golden Calves with *Jews*,
Or with the *Sumatrans* a Monkeys Tooth.
My Glory, that ha's kept me ever waking,
Is out, now send me t'eternal darkness.
And young man, do you pray, pray heartily,
Be sure you get to Heaven, for if your piety
Shou'd crack, and let you fall to Hell where I am,
I'le plague you worse than all the Devils there. [*Ex.*
K. What a black *Demon* had I ne're my Throne?

Enter La Marre.

La Ma. Now will I fix my self.
The *Constable* a Prisoner!
Daup. Seize that fellow.
You shall be hang'd, Sir.
La Ma. Oh! Sir.
Daup. Yes, Sirrah, you are a great Rogue.
La Ma. You wou'd not hang me were I a great Rogue.
Well 'tis as foolish to play Villany
As Money, with a Man of a great Stock,
He can throw out and out, and still play on,
We once throw out, we are thrown to the Devil,
Whither they come at last, for when all's done
The Devil's Box get's all.
Daup. My poor *Lauize.*
K. Noble Youth!
Hast thou had such great wrongs; yet give my Son
His Life, and me my Crown?
Du. Princes are sacred,
What e're Religion Rebels may pretend,
Murderers of Kings are Worshippers of Devils,

For

For none but Devils are worshipt by such Sacrifices.
They who derive all Power from the People,
Do basely basterdise it with that Buckler
Which fell from Heaven to protect Innocence.
They protect Villany; No sacrilege
Greater, then when a Rebel with his Sword
Dare's cut the hand of Heaven from King's Commissions,
To hide the Devil's mark upon his own.
I lifted up my Arm against the *Dauphin*,
It ought to have dy'd and rotted in the Air.

Daup. I fully pardon you.

Du. Then I dye joyfully.

K. Talk'st thou of Dying?

Du. I received two Wounds
In the last Battle, Sir, upon my Breast,
Which now are torn far into Deaths Dominions.

The Duke shews his Breast bloody.

K. Oh! miserable Sight!

Da. Oh! blasting Sight!

K. Here falls a *Pharaoh's* Tower, *Ephesian* Temple,
The Cost of Ages, Wonder of Eternity.

Duke. You guild a vanishing Shadow.——
May I have leave, Sir, —— *To the* Dauphin.
To sleep in Death by her who was your Princess?
But in the Grave there's no Propriety,
In Death's dark ruinous Empire all lye's waste.

Daup. You shall have that, and all besitting Honours.

Duke. Then come cold Bride to my as cold Embrace,
The Grave's our Bed, and Death our Bridal-Night,
None will disturb, or envy our Delight. —— *Ex.*

THE

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Haines*, who Acted *La Marre*.

FInding sad Plays so good success have had;
To make this Tragedy exceeding sad,
The Author doom'd me to be hang'd to Night;
But now I hop'd I should be hang'd quite right,
For I 've three plagues no flesh and blood can bear,
I am a Poet, Married, and a Player.
A Wife ha's e're since Eve *been thought an evil,*
The first that danc'd at Weddings was the Devil.
At the first Wedding all Mankind miscarried,
Old Adam *ne're was wicked 'till he married.*
And Poetry of curses never fail'd.
Homer *his Rags on all his race entail'd.*
He was an old blind Beggar and so poor,
He starv'd the Dog that led him, and the Curre
To have revenge on Poets, got in spite
Criticks, *who worry all that dare to write.*
But 'till of late a Player was a toy
That either sex lik'd well enough, t'enjoy;
Happy the Spark that cou'd a Night carouse
With a whole Sharer once of either House.
Nay Women once in our acquaintance crept;
You hardly will believe me, ——— I was kept.
But I, and all of us, are fallen so low;
Nothing will keep us but Bum Bailiffs now.

Now

FINIS